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Vol. CLXXXIV. }

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UNREST.

THE rose that is perfect to-day is blown over-
full to-morrow;
Life is nothing but change, and change is
nothing but sorrow.

The world sways back and forth, a measure-
less vast machine,
High and low, and ever bringing back what
has been.

The days that dawn and die, the moons that
wax and wane,
The seasons that freeze and burn, the grain
and the crop and the grain,

Are symbols of change unchanging, of cycles
whirling by,

The living aping the dead, and ripe in their
turn to die.

Could we clear our eyes to gaze, we should
see to the verge of time

The long dead level of death and life and love
and crime,

Torn and tossed by passion, and ridged and
quarried with graves
As the changeless level of ocean is broken by
tides and waves.

Where shall our feet find rest? Or is there a
rest to find?

Is rest a dreamy delusion shaped by a restless
mind?

A rainbow arching our sky, looked on but
never possest?

Our feet must stumble on, while our hearts
cry out for rest.

The world sways back and forth, suns kindle
and flash and die,
Our stars arise and set till the dawn of eter-
nity.

Chambers' Journal.

M. FALCONER.

THE PROLOGUE.

O SWALLOW, with resistless wing, that hold'st
the air in fee,

O swallow, with thy joyous sweep o'er earth
and sunlit sea,

O swallow, who, if night were thine, would'st
wheel amongst the stars,
Why linger round the eaves?

Unhappy! free of all the world hast knit
thy soul to clay?

And glued thy heart up on the wall, thou
swiftest child of day?

Claim, glorious wing, thy heritage; break,
break thy prison bars,
Nor linger round the eaves.

Sweep, glorious wings, adown the wind;
fly, swallow, to the west;
Before thee, life and liberty; behind, a
ruined nest.

Blow, freshening breeze, sweep, rapid wing,
for all the winds are thine,

The nest is only clay.

The rapid wings were stretched in flight,
the swallow sped away,

And left its nest beneath the eaves, the
much-loved bit of clay,

Turned with the sun, to go where'er the happy
sun might shine,

And passed into the day.

EDWARD THRING.

A WINTER SONG.

THERE is a break in the winter, dearest,
Peace in the blue air's untarnished realm,
Snowdrops are out, and an early throstle
Warbles ere dawn on our tallest elm.

Let us go up to the hill pines yonder,
Tidings to catch, if we can, of spring,
Larks will be loud o'er the bleak fields, dear-
est,
Maybe the robin at Shirley sing.

Look, to the heart of the dark plantation
Soft gleams of tenderness steal and stay,
Murmurs, above us, around us, dearest,
Almost the hum of a summer's day.

Winter of sorrow has wounded, dearest,
Track of our footsteps has been by graves —
Springtime is near, and comfort and beauty,
Love that transfigures, and lifts, and saves.
Spectator. JOSEPH TRUMAN.

A.D. 1590.

So do they love, Aemilia and her lord,
That neither knows the other's faults at all
Save by confession; which may scarce be-
fall,

Because some kiss anticipates the word.

Nor do their virtues larger scope afford
Of self-delight, or knowledge mutual;
Since each believes their own too weak and
small

To live unaided by the other's hoard.

Thus they abide, in childlike ignorance
If either owe the other aught of ill,
Or if the one have anything of good

Except the other. Oh, most blessed chance,
More subtle-sweet than art, that hath this
skill

To blend two souls in such beatitude!

Academy.

M.

From The Nineteenth Century.
THE FUTURE OF RUSSIA IN ASIA.

BY ARMINIUS VAMBERY.

A CONFUSED picture of moral degradation shot across with single rays of strange virtues belonging to a patriarchal state of things; an appalling pool of religious bigotry crossed by dark shadows of blind superstition and crass ignorance; a wild fury of unbridled tyranny and arbitrary power, hand in hand with local and temporary anarchy; in one spot the choicest favors of nature, in another the most utter desolation; nowhere the slightest trace of self-reliance; everywhere the greatest helplessness before the rage of the elements—such were the principal features of central Asiatic life when I traversed that region twenty-five years ago. As I gradually in the course of years made my way from eastern Europe into the interior of the Asiatic world, my mind's eye, so to say, accustomed itself to the gradual disappearance of European enlightenment and the thickening darkness of Asiatic barbarism. European Turkey, Asia Minor, and Persia seemed to me so many separate steps by which I descended into the deep dark vault of the old Asiatic views of life and the world. As I moved in the uncanny darkness of this unfamiliar world, I soon became aware that I had gone back several centuries in the history of the world. Among the Turkomans and the Kirghizes on the right bank of the Oxus I found myself in such a state of things as may have existed in Europe before the appearance of the Romans. The life in tents, the primitive organization of society in which custom took the place of law; men destitute of all the comforts of life, where it was still necessary on occasions to obtain fire by the friction of two pieces of dry wood, naturally excited my youthful curiosity to the highest degree. In the cultivated oases of the three khanates the civilization of Islam had of course to some extent modified that archaic state of things. Still the culture which the monotheism of Arabia had brought into the high plateau of Turan was fundamentally different from the brilliant results which it achieved in western Asia, on the banks of the Nile,

and in the Iberian peninsula. The rays of the light of Islam that streamed towards the north-east lit up only the outer surface of the life of the Turko-Tartar population, and consequently could contribute little to the refinement of manners, the elevation of the mind, and the happiness of that portion of mankind. The Mohammedan civilization of central Asia, such as I saw it, may have been that which prevailed in the remotest corners of the caliph's empire when the Abbasides were at the height of their power. The constantly recurring inroads of hordes of warlike nomads and the isolation produced by the sandy deserts of the steppes caused the first influence of the culture of Arabia and Persia to become soon stereotyped in the oasis-lands of central Asia, and to remain completely free from the influences which affected Islam in those lands in which it came in contact with the classicism of the Greeks.

The arrested development and, so to say, petrification of the first germs of civilization which had been imported from the south is to be observed in all departments of life and in every nook and corner of the vast territory stretching from the Thien-Shan to the Caspian Sea, from the Kirghiz Steppe to the Oxus. Religion, the life and soul of everything there, the sheet-anchor of the political and civil organization, could display its power only in uncouth externals, without a trace of any inward spirituality, rooted in a real religious sentiment. People went to mosque partly out of habit, partly from fear of the four-thonged whip wielded by the reis (chief of the police), who scoured the streets and bazaars. People gave alms, went on the pilgrimage to Mecca, performed the ceremonial ablutions, ate, drank, and dressed according to the strict letter of the law, not out of feelings of piety, but out of fear of denunciation and the severe punishments attached to the breach of the code of Islam. In political affairs the abuses of the Asiatic form of government made their appearance in most frightful forms. After the pattern of Mohammedan government had changed from the simple character of the emirate to the autocratic despotism of the sultan-

ate, and the control and strict supervision of the sovereign power, which Mohammed had enjoined, was accepted in principle but neglected in practice, the despotism and tyranny which prevailed at the centre of the empire must necessarily become even more outrageous in the distant regions on the frontier. In Bagdad the tottering throne of consecrated tyrants was overthrown by Mongol hordes; in Teheran, in Stambul, in Cairo, and elsewhere the influence of the West, every day becoming stronger, has compelled the adoption of better methods of government, and has loosened the grip of despotism; while in central Asia the old state of things still prevailed. It is true that here, too, Mongols and Turko-Tartars have in the course of history overthrown monarchies and set up new dynasties; but here, with every change in the ruler, the old despotic system planted itself all the more firmly, and on the very eve of the Russian occupation I was confronted in Turkestan with the most horrible exhibition of Asiatic tyranny and barbarism. Religion, which, according to its original intention, should have acted as a check on tyrannical exercise of power, had become in central Asia a support of despotism, and the pious men, who were in full possession of the confidence of the people, emulated the officials of the emirs and the khans in plundering the masses entrusted to their spiritual care. Among the principal religious persons whom I met in Turkestan I do not remember a single kazi-kelan or ishan (chief of a religious order) or one single mollah who ever felt himself moved to express the slightest disapproval of the conduct of the officers of the government, however great the cruelty with which the latter behaved. The whole attention of those religious men was directed to the maintenance of superstition, the suppression of all individual liberty and the exclusion of the last gleam of enlightenment. Where the spiritual and temporal powers care only for their own interests, have in view only the plunder of the people and the continuance of their own power and influence, there can be no hope of any moral elevation of the masses, of any improvement of their economical condition.

Commerce and manufactures moved only in the old grooves, slowly and with difficulty. The genius of the people in central Asia is not wanting in taste and ability, industry and perseverance. But every innovation was systematically discouraged. Clothing, house-furniture, and jewelry were forced to keep their time-honored forms and their primitive methods of manufacture. So that even before the Russian conquest of the country the native artificers themselves avowed their inability to compete with the foreign goods imported from the north, south, and west, and during the time of my visit lamented their approaching ruin. The merchant boldly undertook the month-long journeys with the caravans, and braved the dangers caused by the severity of the climate and the rapacity of the nomads, but could hardly succeed in protecting his bales of merchandise, which had escaped the storms of the desert and the armed bands of the Alamans and the Barantas, from the arbitrary exactions of the customs officers of the khanates. If in spite of all these obstacles he succeeded in enriching himself, he was still in perpetual danger of being plundered by the covetous sovereign of his own country.

The agriculturist was not much better off. The soil, although cultivated with the most primitive implements, such as had been in use for thousands of years, still yielded in abundance the manifold blessings of nature; for, as I observed many years ago, the oases of central Asia are like precious stones in a setting of sand. Yet what availed the prodigality of nature in a country where the husbandman knew not how to turn the surplus produce to good account, where the fertilizing system of irrigation, neglected by the government, is abandoned to the care of the several communes, where the fearful prospect of being sanded up grows every year more imminent? It can be shown with historical certainty that four hundred years ago the cultivated region in the north and north-east of the khanates of Khiva and Bokhara extended from ten to twenty geographical miles further than is at present the case. Mention is made of flourishing and populous cities,

where nothing is now to be seen but an unfathomed desert of sand. The prevailing wind in that region blows from the north-east, bringing with it masses of sand, which smother one field after another, continually contracting the extent of cultivable land, until the husbandman in despair gives up the unequal struggle, and leaves the enemy to cover the whole with one uniform shroud of sand. In this way cities have disappeared without leaving a trace behind, and the territory beyond the Oxus, which the travellers and geographers of the Middle Ages described as rich and flourishing, has now become a poverty-stricken desert.

When we take this circumstance into consideration, we shall not be surprised to find that the intellectual life of central Asia was never able to attain the same degree of development as we find in the other lands of Islam. It is true that in the time of the Samanides and the Khazmians, there were not wanting learned men such as Avicenna, Zamakhshari, Alberuni, and others; but these were representatives of the common culture of Islam, and were destitute of all national characteristics. The specifically Aryan or Turanian spirit attempted to express itself only in the field of theology and theosophy. On the arrival of the Mongols this too disappeared, and utter darkness spread over the oasis-lands, isolated as they were from the rest of the world. During my intimate intercourse with the so-called learned men of Bokhara, Khiva, and Samarkand, I never encountered one who had any knowledge of secular science, not even of those branches which are elsewhere allowed to be studied by Mohammedan scholars, much less one who occupied himself in their study. The richly endowed colleges (medresses) of these cities were visited by hundreds of students from India, Afghanistan, and Chinese Turkestan. Great diligence in study was displayed, but secular knowledge was rigidly separated from theological subjects. Only grammar, rhetoric, and in history hagiology were zealously studied, while the other branches of knowledge which had been cultivated in the more flourishing periods of Islam, mechanics, medicine, and astronomy, were

regarded as superfluous, nay, even as forbidden. Such was the intellectual atmosphere which pervaded the studies of the two or three thousand students in the colleges of central Asia. As for what went on in the world outside the bounds of Islam, what humanity has done in these modern times, they had no sort of care or feeling. Indeed, they of set purpose despised and ignored such things. They showed even a certain pride in being able to point out these hotbeds of religious extravagance and purblind ignorance as the intellectual centre of the vast territories stretching from the Indian Ocean to Siberia, from the Hoangho to the Caspian. Sandy deserts and Kirghizes in the north, sandy deserts and Turkomans in the south, formed the iron band that enclosed this strange world. The fear inspired by those ferocious nomads barred the way thither against all intruders. And not one single ray of that sun which had risen for the rest of the world was able to find its way into that realm of darkness, which had remained five hundred years behind the age.

Such was the state of things in central Asia when the advanced posts of the modern spirit, clad in Russian garb, knocked in 1864 at its gates. Entrance was of course refused, and as far as possible prevented. But cobweblike defences of religious fanaticism broke down at the first blow, and the northern conqueror advanced on his career of victory with even greater ease and rapidity than the wild hordes of Mongols in the thirteenth century, while the results of his victory were incomparably more important and more permanent. It is now twenty-five years that the banner of the two-headed eagle floats over central Asia, and Western civilization in a Russian dress has made its entrance into the territories of old-world Asiatic barbarism. The strange guest, unloved and unexpected, has already made himself at home on several points of those territories; his stay is now evidently permanent, and his influence increases continually both in extent and in intensity. He is now engaged in founding there a new order of things, and the consequent change in the minds of men has already

given a new coloring, a new form to an interesting relic of the old world. We may, therefore, be pardoned if we attempt to raise the veil of the future and to answer the question so often asked: What will become of central Asia under Russian protection? The answer, in vague and general terms, central Asia will become civilized, civilized in the Russian sense of the word, will not satisfy us. It is not precise enough. Our curiosity urges us to examine: *first*, What measure of success will this civilization achieve? *Secondly*, What effects will it have upon our own political and economical circumstances? And we must at starting remark that we are led to discuss these questions by no vain ambition of the credit of a prophet, nor do we intend to satisfy ourselves with idle speculations, but to try our conclusions with the touchstone of known historical facts, to use the experience of the past to cast a light upon the future.

Russia's influence upon the culture of central Asia will, in the first place and to a preponderating extent, be shown in changes of a material and economical character. The treasures of the soil which have hitherto been neglected or but imperfectly developed will, thanks to means provided by Western civilization, be more thoroughly appropriated, be turned to better account, and be transported to Europe along new ways of communication, and thus secure to the natives a source of increased wealth. This is already clearly indicated by the statistics of the exports and imports, which show an extraordinary rise. At the time of my visit the Russian exports from central Asia amounted to 1,014,237 $\frac{1}{2}$ %, and the imports to 1,345,741 $\frac{1}{2}$ %, while now, according to the latest data, Russia exported raw material to the value of 3,530,000 $\frac{1}{2}$ %, and imported Russian manufactured goods to the value of 4,530,000 $\frac{1}{2}$ %. This threefold rise clearly proves a more rational and diligent cultivation of the soil, an extraordinary improvement of the means of agriculture, and an undoubted rise in material prosperity. Certain branches of agriculture and manufactures, such as cotton, silk, corn, rice, etc., have advanced in an extraordinary manner. Certain articles for which there was formerly scarcely any demand, or whose export, owing to the primitive state of the means of communication, was difficult or even impossible, now contribute materially to enrich the native population. Of course the Russian merchants secure the lion's share of this increase of wealth, but still a

large part comes into the hands of the natives. The public peace and immunity from the extortions of the sovereign and the official class are sufficient of themselves to place the cultivator and the merchant in a position of ease they have never before experienced. Formerly, any one who had made money had carefully to conceal his good fortune under an appearance of poverty. Now he can freely exhibit his riches, enjoy all the comforts of life, and revel in such pleasures as formerly he only knew from the tales of the story-tellers. This economical expansion must, and in course of time will, assume still greater dimensions. The consideration of ethnical relations and the diverse characters of the different nationalities point to the original Aryan inhabitants of the land, the Sarts and the Tadjiks, as those have the fairest prospects before them. Peculiarities of race seldom or never fail to assert themselves. Both in the Middle Ages and in still older times it was these Aryan autochthones who created a temporary efflorescence of material and intellectual splendor in those lands. In like manner, as may be safely predicted, this section of the population will, under Russian guardianship, make the most rapid progress on the path of reform, will turn out the most skilful merchants and manufacturers, and prove the aptest scholars of the new teaching. To this conclusion we are led by the experience of the first quarter of a century of Russian rule. The Sarts of the basin of the Yaxartes and the Tadjiks on the banks of the Zerefschan have displayed the greatest readiness in accepting the new orders of things; they have furnished the first scholars to the Russian schools; they have best known how to ingratiate themselves with the conquerors, and have most easily qualified themselves to become efficient and trustworthy instruments of Russian domination. It is true that to revolt or to resist has never occurred to the Ozbegs or the Karakalpaks. But on the one side the national character of these Turkish peoples, marked by heaviness and slowness of intellect, stands in the way of their assimilating new and foreign ideas; on the other side, these people have been accustomed to play the part of a dominant caste, and are distinguished by a more martial spirit, and consequently cannot bring themselves to bear the yoke of subjection so easily as the Aryan population, who have grown up in servility and been for centuries accustomed to serve and not to rule.

Everything at present seems to lead us to the conclusion that central-Asia under Russian protection will attain to such a degree of economical development as is without a parallel in the gigantic empire of the czars, swollen, as it is, by conquest and national absorption. In consequence of changes in the state of civilization in Kasan, Astrakhan, and the Crimea, the Russian conquerors there came in contact with a similar state of things prevailing among a Mohammedan population. Here too the conquerors, strong in the support afforded them by the civilization of the Christian West, were assisted in their conquest by the abuses produced by an excess of religious fanaticism combined with the anarchy and feebleness of the degenerate descendants of wild and warlike dynasties. At that time, however, the difference in civilization between the Christian conquerors and the conquered Mohammedans was not so great or so important as that between the Russians of the second half of the nineteenth century and the central Asiatics who had been sunk for centuries in a stereotyped degeneracy. It is therefore quite natural that the Russian people in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries penetrated with greater ease into the newly conquered territories, and felt themselves in a short time at home in the novel surroundings, than can be the case at the present day. The number of Russians who during the twenty-five years that have elapsed since the conquest of Turkestan have settled on both sides of the Yaxartes, in Khokand, in the valley of the Zerefshan and the delta of the Oxus, and in those regions live a Russian life, is exceedingly small, when we take into account the favorable conditions offered by the Russian government in order to induce colonists to flock to the newly conquered territories, and the natural advantages in the way of climate and soil these present. Up to the present time the Russian element is represented only by the military, by the civil service, and such merchants and manufacturers as have settled in the chief centres of the administration. The latter look upon their sojourn as merely for a time, and when they have made enough money desire to return to the mother country. Nor has the Russian government been as yet successful even in the case of the penal settlements. A like failure of Russian schemes of colonization is to be observed in the Caucasus. In spite of the favorable climate, in spite of the uninterrupted connection with the mother country, in spite of the important

fact of the preponderance of the Christian element in the native population, the number of Russians who have voluntarily settled in the delightful and fertile valleys of the Caucasus is even now, after fifty years' occupation of the country, so small as not to be worth taking into account. Only an enforced colonization has succeeded in producing a full stream of immigration into the conquered districts, as is the case with Siberia, where the Russian element forms a third of the population, reckoned at 4,869,365 souls. To bring this about was in the first place the work of centuries, and in the second place final success was only achieved through the fact that the Ostiaks, Voguls, Kirghizes, and other inhabitants of Siberia were on a much lower level of civilization than the Russians, and consequently, in spite of considerable resistance, fell at length victims to the Moloch of Russification. Wherever traces of Mohammedan culture were to be found—for instance, at Tobolsk and on the upper Yenissei—the absorption has not even yet taken place. There the spirit of the mollahs brought thither from Bokhara and Khiva in the time of Kökchüm Khan is still active. In other parts of Siberia, however, the law of the strongest prevails. Yakuts, Voguls, Teleuts, Shors, Koibals, Kondomers, etc., either die out altogether, or are absorbed in the ever-increasing mass of the Russian population; and if ever the projected railway ring traverses the immense empire of the czars, the Russification of the non-Mohammedan peoples will be carried out with still greater rapidity.

In central Asia the metamorphosis consequent upon the Russian occupation will assume a form peculiar to itself. That occupation will not draw after it such consequences as we see in Kazan, Ufa, and Bakchiserai, nor, on the other hand, such as we find in the southern and eastern Caucasus. In the latter country the compact masses of Sunnite and Shiite Moslems have proved a firm bulwark against the attempted Russification. After fifty years' subjection to the Russians, they are still as attached to their language, their traditions and the influence of their akhonds as are their kinsmen and co-religionists on the other side of the Araxes. In the cities of central Asia, where Islam has taken much firmer root than in the Caucasus or the other parts of the Mohammedan world, there can be no probability of the old and knotty trunk of religious education being soon shaken. On the whole, Islam stands everywhere firmly on

its feet, nor can Christianity succeed in weakening it. Indeed, when subjected to Christian rule, it seems to become stronger and more stubborn, and to gain in expansive force. This we see in India, where, in spite of the zeal of the Christian missionaries and the millions spent in their support, the conversions to Islam become daily more frequent. We see this too in Russia, where statistics prove that the number of mosques has considerably increased in the course of this century, and that the heathen among the Ural-Altaic people are more easily converted by the mollah than by the all-powerful pope. The Russian *natchalniks*, *pristavs* and *mirovoy sud* (justices of the peace) will consequently exercise their functions for very many decenniums without being able to produce an important change in the morals, manners, and modes of thought of the central Asiatics. Bokhara will still long continue to boast of being the brightest spot in Islam, and her colleges will not soon lose their attraction for the studious youth among the Moslems of inner Asia. The same holds true of Samarkand, Khodjend, Khokand, and Tashkend, where the experience of the past twenty-five years has taught us how small is the influence of the secular authorities upon the minds of the native population, how very few innovations make their way among a people absorbed in domestic life, and with what freezing indifference they regard the novel hubbub around them, in the form of machines, railways, strange faces, and strange costumes, and all the manifold marvels of modern manufacture which have come among them in the train of their Christian conquerors.

Recent travellers, led astray by their ignorance of the languages of the country and an insufficient acquaintance with the religion, history, and manners of the central Asiatics, often publish highly sanguine accounts of the changes that have taken place and the great progress made in Western civilization on the part of the native population. They have undoubtedly been guilty of gross exaggeration. As yet the foreign conqueror has exercised but little influence by his good or his bad example, by his virtues or his vices. It is true that the strict order, security, peace, and toleration that have followed the anarchy and tyranny of the native rulers, commend themselves to the peaceable citizen, and would indisputably produce even greater effect were it not that the falsehood, corruptibility, and other vices of the new Russian officials often

remind him of the like faults on the part of the old native officials. The schools which the Russians have founded in Tashkend, Khodjend, Ferghana, and Samarkand with a view to educating the natives have hitherto produced very slight results. The chief end had in view was not so much the enlightenment of the population as the diffusion of a knowledge of the Russian language and the training of useful officials. But of the pupils who have received their education at these institutions, none have distinguished themselves, none have acquired as much Western knowledge as has been acquired by the students at similar institutions founded by the English in India at the beginning of the present century. Yet the educational system of the English was at that time very far behind what it is at present. Out of the seminary at Tashkend there have come a few teachers planted among the Kirghizes, a few useful officials, and one writer on philology named Ish Mohammed Bukin, author of a Russian-Kirghiz dictionary. The rest of the central Asiatics who have received a Russian education have been educated in Russia itself. When we consider the gigantic dimensions of the struggle which our culture has to engage in with the teaching of Islam, a struggle out of which even the English in India are only now emerging victorious after forty years of conflict, it would be unfair to the Russian government if we were to apply a too strict measure of criticism to its well-intentioned efforts. A continuation and perfection of the present system of education will certainly lead in the future to solid and beneficial results. Nevertheless Russia will never succeed in reaching the same degree of success or in exhibiting the same fruits as the English can with justifiable pride point to with their three and a half millions of pupils who are yearly educated in thousands of normal schools, in numerous colleges, and four universities. In the first place, the Russian civilizer cannot spread abroad in the darkness of the regions which he has conquered any better or more beneficial light than that which he has at his own disposal. To think of competing successfully with the greatest and most advanced representatives of Western culture in southern Asia would be a Utopian idea. Secondly, in central Asia are wanting those conditions which exist in India, where fifty millions of Mohammedans are urged to overcome their old prejudices by the competition of two hundred millions of Hindus, Sikhs,

and Jains. In the Khanates, on the contrary, Mohammedan religious unity is represented. In their past history they had never come into contact with people of another faith. In no other part of the Mohammedan world is the deeply rooted Moslem view of life fostered by so large a number of elementary and high schools as here. Only a vast system of confiscation of the educational foundations could produce an important effect in the direction desired by Russia. This, however, from motives of a sound policy will not be resorted to. Certainly Russia might contrive to make use, for her own purposes, of the existing system of schools, by compelling the Mohammedan schools to take up some one or more modern subjects. This, however, does not for a moment occur to the Russian civilizer. He will never compete in this particular with free Albion, who spends vast sums annually in educating, on a compulsory system, natives of India, to write fiery newspaper articles against the English government, to pose as demagogic agitators, and create difficulties for their educators with their precocious longings after self-government and parliaments.

For the present Russia's influence, as we have already pointed out, is chiefly felt and seen in economical matters, and especially in consequence of the opening of the Trans-Caspian Railway, by means of which the pulse of European life can be felt throbbing in the interior of the slothful Asiatic world. As is proved by the newest statistical data with regard to the exports and imports, the export of raw material from Turkestan and the import of Russian manufactures has in the case of certain articles increased fivefold. A still greater increase is to be expected in the future. Russia, to the exclusion of England and the rest of Europe, will dominate the whole market of central Asia, eastward as far as the interior of China, southward as far as Peshawur, and westward as far as Persian Kurdistan, and owing to this mercantile superiority will be able to spread the nets of her political intrigues from the Thien-Shan to the Tigris. This cannot now be altered. It were, however, a piece of self-deception and a gross exaggeration to suppose that the acceleration of communications will accelerate a change in men's minds, and the introduction of European culture, even in a Russian garb, and that central Asia under Russian guidance will suddenly abandon those habits of thought which have prevailed there for more than a mil-

lennium. The railway is in the East an exotic, foreign to the habits, the customs, and the dispositions of the natives. The snorting steam-horse will long rush through the countries of central Asia, and its shrill cry will long be heard in its valleys, before the inhabitants give up their inclination for ease and quiet, or their aversion to hurry and making the most of their time. There are to be found even at the present day genuine Asiatics who regret the invention of gunpowder and prefer the older way of fighting with the lance and the sword. In like manner there will be many who will prefer the creeping pace of the caravan to riding in a railway train. India, with its nine thousand English miles of railway, on which travel yearly more than forty millions of passengers, cannot be cited as an instance to the contrary. In that vast peninsula the European spirit had been at work for full a hundred years before the introduction of railways, and had duly prepared the minds of the population for that great innovation. In the second place, Islam, the greatest and most obstinate foe to all innovation and improvement, is not in India the sole or indeed the chief factor in forming the public opinion of the two hundred and sixty millions of people. Thirdly, after all, the railway is used in India chiefly for the purpose of pilgrimages, as commerce there is chiefly in the hands of the English and other Europeans.

A similar state of things has already arisen with great suddenness in central Asia. The number of pilgrims to Mecca from Turkestan has markedly increased during the last year. Instead of undertaking the long, painful, and expensive journey through Afghanistan and India, by sea to Jeddah, or through the Kirghiz Steppe, Orenburg, south Russia, and Constantinople, or, to shorten the distance, submitting to the annoyances and ill-treatment consequent on a journey through Shiite Persia, the pious hadji in Samarkand takes his seat in a third-class carriage on the Trans-Caspian Railway, crosses the Caspian Sea, and travels by the Caucasian line to Batum, and can reach the Caaba *visâ* Constantinople in fourteen days without paying more than 10*l.* passage money. The same journey, be it observed, had formerly taken ten months, and sometimes longer, and had cost at least 50*l.* This materially increased facility of travelling has, of course, led to a large increase in the numbers of the Mecca pilgrims; but it would be a great mistake to suppose that this increase of travel on the part of

the central Asiatic alters his way of thinking, cools his fanaticism, and diminishes his conservative objections to reform. During my last visit to the Turkish capital, I had the opportunity of meeting a good number of the central Asiatic pilgrims to Mecca. The sound of their mother-tongue, which I still speak fluently, broke the ice of their reserve and shyness in the presence of unbelievers. A few cups of tea, an Ozbek pilaff, which I prepared myself, set their tongues loose, and I was not a little surprised to find that the central Asiatic, in the innermost recesses of his heart, still remained the same he was of old. Neither his dress, nor his weapons, nor his travelling gear betrayed the slightest trace of the adoption of anything new. The same old coarse Tatar pattern, the same green and blue striped stuff, half silk, half wool, and the same shapeless covering for the feet, still characterize his outward appearance. The features of his countenance betray, I may say, even more ferocity and defiance than in former days. It was with a grin that a thick-turbaned mollah observed to me, how strange it was that the khalif (the representative of Mohammed, *i.e.*, the sultan) tolerated so many unbelievers in his empire, and left them in possession of great riches, although he was not in such a constrained position as the sovereigns of central Asia, and could act according to his own free-will. Mohammedan fanaticism, like other extravagances, seems to thrive under the pressure of foreign rule. The uncompromising defiance of all reforms and all innovations increases in intensity in the very presence of the foreign reformer. His judgment of the latter, and the view he takes of the life and actions of the Russian, are highly characteristic. He does not describe the foreign yoke as oppressive, for the Russians have always taken pains to spare the feelings of the conquered, yet his hatred and contempt of them are greater than ever. With the disgust excited by the vices of the foreign master is associated an aversion to his civilization. Some console themselves with the idea that his rule is but temporary; but the great majority do not concern themselves about the future, find rest in fatalism, and take but little thought about mere worldly matters.

Hasty observers of the people in central Asia report, it is true, that drunkenness, gambling, and other Russian vices have already found their way among the natives, and that the rigid discipline enforced by the Koran is already seriously relaxed.

So far as I am acquainted with the Mohammedan countries in general, and central Asia in particular, these reports seem to me to be highly exaggerated. It is true that statistics show that in Turkestan in one year, 1885-86, seven corn and wine distilleries have produced 1,914,388 per cent. of corn brandy and wine brandy distilled, and at the same time 5,555 hectolitres of schnapps manufactured and 16,690,715 degrees brandy rectified. We know that the number of breweries have materially increased, and that besides all this a large quantity of alcoholic liquors has been imported. But the consumers will be found to consist of the Russian officials, commercial classes, and soldiers, while only a few of the natives fall victims to this vice, and those for the most part such as are in constant communication with the Russians, such as djigits, servants, and officials, whose close and constant association with their Christian superiors belongs, in itself, to the category of sinful actions. In the whole length and breadth of the Mohammedan world the ordinances of the Koran against the use of spirituous liquor are neglected only by the upper classes of Turkey and Persia, while the mass of the people strictly observe them. The Tatars in Russia are indeed highly esteemed on account of their temperance. In India the English soldier has rather infected the Hindu than the Mohammedan with his love of strong drink. Similar observations may be made in Java, China, and in central Asia, where the mollahs and the members of the religious orders exercise a profound influence over the population. Is temperance still more strictly the rule? According to the accounts of the pilgrims to Mecca from central Asia only isolated cases of Mohammedan drunkards have as yet occurred in Khiva, Yengi-Urgendj, Kungrat, Bokhara, Samarkand, Khodjend, and Tashkend. Without adopting foreign vices, the central Asiatics have kept their own native ones, and even infected the Russians with them.

There is only one portion of the steppes of Turkestan in which the civilizing influence of the Russians will leave any deep traces, and there it will effect an important transformation. This is the so-called Trans-Caspian territory; in other words, that strip of land that runs from the eastern coast of the Caspian Sea along the northern frontier of Persia to Merv, or rather to Penjdel. Here Russia has lighted upon very peculiar ethnical and social relations. In this strip, where the

Aryan world comes into contact with rude Turanian populations, established political and social order has existed only in the earliest dawn of antiquity, if indeed we could give credence to the obscure legends of the flourishing condition of Dehistan, Abiverd, and Nisa. As far back as history extends, this country has ever been a pasture ground for nomads. In the immediate neighborhood of these nomads a few places, such as Abeskun and Djordjan in the west and Merv in the east, succeeded in attaining to a certain temporary prosperity. But the nomads, as incorrigible adventurers and mischief-makers, prevented the introduction of any settled organization, and in consequence of their repugnance to a settled life, and their propensity to plunder and bloodshed, successfully braved the might of successive Asiatic conquerors. But they attempted in vain to withstand the power of the Russians; they were so ruthlessly and effectually punished as to leave all chance of their recovering themselves out of the question. In this way Russia has made a free field for herself, a *tabula rasa*, along the northern skirts of the Kubbet Mountains, whose future transformation depends in a peculiar sense on Russia's determination, where her power as factor in its future development is considerably greater than in the three khanates of central Asia. In the thirteen thousand geographical square miles comprised in this Trans-Caspian district dwell at present about three hundred and fifty thousand Turkomans, together with a small proportion of Russians, Armenians, Caucasians, Jews, and Persians. In discussing the future character of the population of this vast territory, the question deserves our attention, How far will Russia succeed in colonizing these regions, occupied by inveterate nomads? The sanguine disposition of the Russians flatters them with the hope that these Turkomans will give up their nomadic life and become cultivators of the ground. This supposition, however, is supported neither by historical proofs nor by the character of the population in question. Turkish nomads are more likely to be crushed and extirpated by civilization than to be transformed into an agricultural population. This general rule is proved by the fact that Yürüks in Asia Minor, where fertile regions invite them to a settled life, have preserved through centuries their nomad habits, and have hitherto resisted all temptations to become colonists. The Kirghizes in the north of Turkestan have for a century resisted all the invita-

tions of the Russians to become settled cultivators. Their numbers have dwindled down to one-half of what they were formerly; they are continually decimated and impoverished by diseases, famines, murrains; yet they still prefer the wandering life on the steppe, involving as it does the hard struggle with the severity of the climate, to a more peaceful mode of life. The same holds true of the Bedaween in Arabia, and will no doubt hold true of the Turkoman.

An exception to this general rule is only, then, to be found where extraordinary historical events have forced a mass of nomads into the midst of a settled population, and thus rendered the continuation of their former wandering life impossible, or where some families of the nomads have been separated from the great mass of the tribe. The first-named case receives its illustration in the history of the Azerbeidjan Turks, remains of the armies of the Seljuks and of the Monguls, who were, so to say, cooped up in the ancient Atropatene between Aryans and Caucasians. The second is illustrated by the history of the population of the Kurama district, on the middle Yaxartes. They are people who call themselves also Tchala Kazak, *i.e.*, half-Kirghizes, and are regarded with contempt by the true Kirghizes.

As regards the future ethnical transformation of the Trans-Caspian district, certain points on the northern slopes of the hills that form the Persian frontier, which are now fertile and well-watered, will, in course of time, extend the bounds of their cultivation by setting a dam to the incursions of the sand, and systematically advancing their irrigation works. But for this work the necessary hands will hardly be recruited among the Turkomans. Instead of these children of the steppe settling in masses on these new centres of cultivation, they will be settled by a mixed population of Persians, Armenians, Bokhariots, Russians, Caucasians, and Turkomans. As the Turkomans are divided into *Tchomri* and *Tcharwa*, *i.e.*, half and wholly nomads, it will be the first-named class that will settle in the towns, without, however, being able to surpass in industry and perseverance the other elements of the conglomerate. This picture which we have sketched of the future is already realized to some slight degree in the case of Ashkabad. This is a place in which ten years ago there lived a few Tchomri Turkomans. By this time its population numbers ten thousand souls, in which, to be

sure, is included the soldiers of the garrison. The development of Merv, too, supports our view. Since its annexation in 1884 there has arisen in New Merv a permanent settlement of two hundred and eighty-five houses, in which are sheltered a mixed population of Russians, Armenians, Tatars, Poles, Caucasians, and others, while the Turkomans still remain in their tents, keep cattle, and carry on an imperfect sort of agriculture. Now that the principal source of their means of livelihood, the profitable forays into Persia and Afghanistan, has been cut off, they are fast sinking into poverty, and have greatly diminished in numbers.

We shall, therefore, hardly make a mistake if we prognosticate a better future for the Russian Trans-Caspian district than for the khanates of central Asia. Above all, the vicinity of the Iranian population, peaceable and addicted to industry and commerce, will have a most beneficial effect on its development. If the Russians further succeed in annexing the province of Khorassan, which adjoins it on the east, the prosperity of the district, already so favored by nature, will be secured. The traffic along the trans-Caspian line will be an important factor in the question, if this line, at present imperfect, is extended to Tashkend, and in the end to Semipalatinsk, in Siberia. These regions will then regain the importance they possessed in the days of the Samanides, when the commerce between China and India on the one side, and Byzantium and the south of Europe on the other, passed this way. This will, however, certainly not be carried out for some time, whatever enthusiastic politicians and economists may dream. For this several decenniums of peaceful and laborious industry are required. Indeed, the future of the Trans-Caspian province depends largely on the measures which England will adopt for the security of her commercial interests and a safe communication by land between Europe and India. No serious and patriotic English statesman should for a moment think of allowing a connection between the Trans-Caspian line and the Indus Railway, now continued to Candahar. Such a connection would only serve the interests of Russia, and bring England injury and danger. The only line that can serve England's economical and political interest is one which, starting from Quetta and passing through Seistan, Persia, Mesopotamia, and Asia Minor, joins on to the Turkish railways. For, if England and Russia, as would seem to be the case,

are to divide Asia into a southern and northern district, in which each of them is to be supreme, there must be a corresponding division of the territory in economical matters also. Nothing less than two Asiatic railways will keep the peace between the two great European powers that aspire to rule in Asia. England will secure the commerce of southern Asia along the southern line, and Russia that of northern Asia along the northern; whereas a connection between the two must lead to an uninterrupted succession of misunderstandings. Only in the case of England still continuing to ignore her vital interests in this matter, and still delaying the making of the Seistan line, will the Trans-Caspian line gain enormously in importance and become the principal line of communication between Europe and Asia. Otherwise it will not.

Summing up what we have already observed, it will be seen that Russia has in the last few years been able to draw considerable advantages from her possessions in central Asia, without being able to give the inhabitants, by way of compensation, the first germs of a future civilization. Indeed, such an aim has never been present to the minds of the Russian conquerors. To create such a state of things as we see in India, where millions of Asiatics are brought up in such a degree of enlightenment and freedom as is unknown in Russia itself, is not only beside the intentions of the Russians, but absolutely beyond their power. Twenty-five years ago the admirers of Russia's mission of civilization in Asia—they are by this time woefully diminished in numbers—raised loud shouts of joy at the successes of the czar's troops on the Yaxartes and the Zerefschan, and hailed the daybreak of a new era of culture for central Asia. The results that have been hitherto attained have not been such as to encourage these enthusiastic friends of Russia. Superficial tourists, especially Frenchmen, still amuse themselves with the ungrateful task of painting in the most gorgeous colors the salutary influences of Russian rule. But all the world knows that all this is designed to beautify the abortive misalliance of republican France and autocratic Russia. In order to have a clear idea of Russia's mission in central Asia, we must call up before our eyes what is so often to be seen in the life of the poorer classes, where the eight or ten year old girl, herself weak and imperfectly developed, has to act as nurse to a still younger brother or sister. This arrangement is

just as injurious to the premature nurse, whose proper growth is interfered with, as it is full of danger to the younger child. And indeed Russia, whose own culture does not rest on too firm a foundation, should hesitate to burden herself with any more Asiatic charges. There are already enough of such who are still waiting to be civilized — in other words, to be Russianized. Why, then, should she increase her own troubles and at the same time disturb others in their peaceable development?

From The Sunday Magazine.
ZOE.

A STORY OF RURAL LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS TOOSEY'S MISSION," "TIP CAT," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE is certainly a penalty paid by people who keep entirely clear of gossip, though it is not by any means in proportion to the advantages they gain. The penalty is that when they particularly want to hear any piece of news, they are not likely to hear it naturally like other people, but must go out of their way to make inquiries and evince a curiosity which at once makes them remarkable.

Now every one in the village except Mr. Robins heard of the baby found in the Grays' garden, and discussed how it came there, but it was only by overhearing a casual word here and there that the organist gathered even so much as that the Grays had resolved to keep the child, and were not going to send it to the workhouse. Even Bill Gray knew the organist's ways too well to trouble him with the story, though he was too full of it himself to give his usual attention at the next choir practice, and, at every available pause between chant and hymn, his head and that of the boy next him were close together in deep discourse.

It had occurred to Mr. Robins's mind, in the waking moments of that restless night, that there might have been — nay, most probably was — some mark on the child's clothes which would lead to its identification, and, for the next few days, every glance in his direction, or, for the matter of that, in any other direction, was interpreted by him as having some covert allusion to this founding grandchild of his; but the conversation of some men outside his yew hedge, which he acci-

dentally overheard one day, set his anxiety at rest.

From this he gathered that it was generally supposed to be a child belonging to a gipsy caravan that had passed through the village that day.

"And I says," said one of the men, with that slow, emphatic delivery in which the most ordinary sentiments are given forth as if it were wisdom unheard and undreamt of before; "and I don't mind who hears me, as Gray did oughter set the perlice on to 'un to find the heartless jade as did 'un."

"Ay, sure! so he did oughter; but he ain't no gumption, Gray ain't, never had neither, as have known him man and boy these fifty year."

"My missus says," went on the first speaker, "as she seed a gipsy gal with just such a brat as this on her arm. She come round to parson's back door — my Liza's kitchen gal there and telled her mother. She were one of them dressed up baggages with long earrings and a yellor handkercher round her head, a-telling fortunes; coming round the poor, silly gals with her long tongue and sly ways. She went in here, too," Mr. Robins guessed, though he could not see the jerk of the thumb in his direction. "Mrs. Sands told me so herself" — the organist's listening was quickened to yet sharper attention — "She says she had quite a job to get rid of her, and thought she were after the spoons belike. But she says as she'd know the gal again anywhere, and my missus says she'd pretty near take her davy to the child, though, as I says, one brat's pretty much like another — haw, haw! though the women don't think it."

And the two men parted, laughing over this excellent joke.

It was most curious how that little out-of-the-way house of the Grays and its unremarkable inmates had suddenly become conspicuous; the very cottage was visible from all directions — from the churchyard gate, from the organist's garden, from various points along the Stokeley road; but perhaps this may have been because Mr. Robins had never cared to distinguish one thatched roof from another hitherto. As for the Grays, they seemed to be everywhere; that man hoeing in the turnip field was Gray, that boy at the head of the team in the big yellow wagon was Tom, and Bill seemed to be all over the place, whistling along the road or running round the corner, or waiting to change his book at the organist's gate. If Mr. Clifford spoke to Mr. Robins it was about some-

thing to do with the Grays, and even Mr. Wilson of Stokeley stopped him in the road to ask if some people called Gray lived at Downside. It was most extraordinary how these people, so insignificant a week ago, were now brought into prominence.

Even before Mr. Robins had overheard that conversation he had had a fidgety sort of wish to go up to the Grays' cottage, and now he made a pretext of asking for a book he had lent Bill, but went before the school came out, so that only Mrs. Gray was at home as he opened the gate and went up the path.

It was a beautiful, sunny afternoon, and Mrs. Gray was sitting outside the door, making, plain as she was, a pretty picture with the shadows of the young vine leaves over the door dappling her print gown and apron and the baby's little dark head and pink pinafore, a garment that had once been Bill's, who had been of a more robust build than this baby, and, moreover, had worn the pinafore at a more advanced age, so that the fit left a good deal to be desired, and the color had suffered in constant visits to the wash-tub, and was not so bright as it had been originally.

But altogether, the faded pinafore and the vine-leaf shadows, and the love in the woman's face, made a harmonious whole, and the song she was singing, without a note of sweetness or tune in it, did not jar on the organist's ear, as you might have supposed, knowing his critical and refined taste.

"Good-afternoon, Mrs. Gray," he said; "I came for the book I lent your son the other day. Why, is this your baby?" he added, with unnecessarily elaborate dissimulation. "I did not know you had any so young."

"Mine? Lor' bless you, no. Ain't you heard? Why, I thought it was all over the place. Gray, he found it in the garden just there where you be standing, a week ago come to-morrow. Ain't she a pretty dear, bless her! and takes such notice too, as is wonderful. Why, she's looking at you now as if she'd a-known you all her life. Just look at her! if she ain't smiling at you, a little puss!"

"Where did she come from?"

"Well, sure, who's to know? There was some gipsy folks through the place, and there've been a lot of tramps about along of Milton Fair, and there was one of 'em, they say, a week or two ago with just such a baby as this 'un. My master he've made a few enquirements; but there! for my part I don't care if we don't hear no

more of her folks, and Gray's much of the same mind, having took a terrible fancy to the child. And it's plain as she ain't got no mother worth the name, as would leave her like that, and neglected too shameful. As there ain't no excuse, to my way of thinking, for a baby being dirty, let folks be as poor as they may."

Somewhere deep down in Mr. Robins's mind, unacknowledged to himself, there was a twinge of resentment at this reflection on the mother's treatment of the baby.

"She's as sweet as a blossom now," went on Mrs. Gray, tossing the baby up, who laughed and crowed and stretched its arms. Yes, he could see the likeness, he was sure of it; and it brought back to his mind with sudden vividness a young mother's look of pride and love as she held up her little girl for the father's admiration. Mother and child had then been wonderfully alike, and in this baby he could trace a likeness to both.

Mrs. Gray went maundering on, as her manner was, interspersing her narrative with baby nonsense and endearments, and Mr. Robins forgot his errand, which was, after all, only a pretext, and stood half listening, and more than half back in the old days of memory, and once he so far forgot himself as to snap his fingers at the child, and touch one of its warm, little hands, which immediately closed round his finger with a baby's soft, tenacious grasp, from which it required a certain gentle effort to escape.

"A pleasant, chatty sort of man the organist," Mrs. Gray said, having talked nearly all the time herself, with only a word or two from him now and then as reply; "and not a bit of pride about him, let folks say what they like. Why, he stopped ever so long and had a deal to say; and there, Bill, you just run down with the book, as he went off after all without it."

Mr. Robins went home slowly across the fields in a curiously softened frame of mind, perhaps it was the soft west wind, fragrant with sweet spring scents of cowslips and cherry blossom, or the full glad sunshine on all the varied green of tree and hedge, a thousand tints of that "shower of greennesses" poured down so lavishly by the giver of all good things; perhaps it was the larks springing up from the clover in such an ecstasy of song, or perhaps it was the clasp of a baby's hand on his finger. He noticed the spring beauty round him as he had not noticed such things for many a day, stooping to pick a big, tasselled, gold-flecked cowslip

and stopping to let a newly fledged, awkward, young bird hop clumsily out of the way, with a sort of tenderness and consideration for young things unusual to him.

His mind was more at rest than it had been for the last three weeks. The baby's crowing laughter seemed to drive out of his memory the wailing cry and the hollow cough and the sad, beseeching voice saying "Father," and then the pitiless, beating rain, which had been haunting him for the last three weeks. The sight of the baby, loved and cared for, had taken away a misgiving, which he had hardly been conscious of himself. After all, he had not done badly by the child. Mrs. Gray was a kind, motherly sort of body and used to babies, which Jane Sands was not, and she would do well by the child, and he himself could see, without any one being the wiser, that the child did not want for anything, though he would not be held responsible in any way for it.

CHAPTER V.

THERE was one thing that puzzled Mr. Robins extremely, and this was Jane Sands's behavior. He was convinced that she had been a party to the trick that had been played off on him, and she was evidently full of some secret trouble and anxiety, for which he could only account by attributing it to her disappointment about the baby, and perhaps distrust of the care that would be taken of it by others.

Mr. Robins often discovered her in tears, and she was constantly going out for hours at a time, having always hitherto been almost too much of a stay-at-home. He suspected that these lengthened absences meant visits to the Grays' cottage, and that baby-worship that women find so delightful, but he found out accidentally that she had never been near the cottage since the baby's arrival, and when he made an excuse of sending a book by her to Bill to get her to go there, she met the boy at the bottom of the lane and did not go on to the cottage.

As to what he had overheard the men saying about the gipsy girl, he felt sure that Jane had only said this to put people on the wrong scent, though, certainly, deception of any sort was very unlike her. Once he found her sitting up late at night at work on some small frocks and pinafores, and he thought that at last the subject was coming to the surface, and especially as she colored up and tried to hide the work when he came in.

"Busy?" he said. "You seem very hard at work. Who are you working for?"

"A baby," she stammered, "a baby—that my sister's taking care of."

She was so red and confused that he felt sure she was saying what was not true, but he forgave her for the sake of the baby for whom he firmly believed the work was being done, and who, to be sure, when he saw it in Mrs. Gray's arms, looked badly in want of clothes more fitted to its size than Bill's old pinafores.

He stood for a minute fingering the pink, spotted print of infantile simplicity of pattern, and listening to the quick click, click, of her needle as it flew in and out; but it was not till he had turned away and was half out of the kitchen, that she began a request that had been on the tip of her tongue all the time, but which she had not ventured to bring out while he stood at the table.

"I was going to ask—if you'd no objection—seeing that they're no good to any one—"

Now it was coming out, and he turned with an encouraging smile.

"Well, what is it?"

"There are some old baby-clothes put away in a drawer up-stairs. They're rough dried, and I've kept an eye on them, and took them out now and then to see as the moth didn't get in them—"

"Yes?"

"Well, sir—this baby that I'm working for is terrible short of clothes, and I thought I might take a few of them for her—"

She did not look at him once as she spoke, or she might have been encouraged by the look on his face, which softened into a very benignant, kindly expression.

"To be sure! to be sure!" he said. "I've no objection to your taking some of them for the baby—at your sister's." He spoke the last words with some meaning, and she looked quickly up at him and dropped her work as if tumultuous words were pressing to be spoken, but stopped them with an effort and went on with her work, only with heightened color and trembling fingers.

She was not slow to avail herself of his permission, for that very night, before she went to bed, he heard her in the next room turning out the drawer where the old baby-clothes had been stored away ever since little Edith had discarded them for clothes of a larger size. And next morning she was up betimes, starching and ironing and goffering dainty little

frills with such a look of love and satisfaction on her face, that he had not the heart to hint that she had availed herself somewhat liberally of his permission, and that less dainty care and crispness might do equally well for the baby, bundled up in Mrs. Gray's kind, but crumpling arms, to take the place of Bill's faded pinafore.

That afternoon he purposely took his way home over the hillside and down the lane by the Grays' cottage, with a conviction that he should see the baby tricked out in some of those frilled and tucked little garments over which Jane Sands had lavished so much time and attention that morning. But to his surprise he saw her in much the same costume as before, only the pinafore this time was washed-out lavender instead of pink, and, as she was in Bill's arms, and he, as the youngest of the family, being inexperienced in nursing, a more crumpled effect was produced than his mother had made. He could only conclude that Jane had not found time yet to take the things, or that Mrs. Gray was reserving them for a more showy occasion.

But he found Jane just returning as he came up to his house, and she looked far more hot and dusty than the short walk up the lane to the Grays accounted for, but with a beaming look on her kind face that had not been there for many a day.

"Well," he said, "Jane, have you been to Stokeley?"

"Yes," she said, "and I took the things you were good enough to say the baby might have. They *were* pleased."

She, too, spoke with a curious meaning in her voice and manner which somehow faded when she saw the want of response in his face. Indeed, there was a very distinct feeling of disappointment and irritation in his feelings. For, after all, those clothes had actually gone to some other baby. Well! well! it is a selfish world after all, and each of us has his own interests which take him up and engross him. No doubt this little common child at Stokeley was all in all to Jane Sands, and she was glad enough of a chance to pick all the best out of those baby-clothes upstairs that he remembered his young wife preparing so lovingly for her baby and his. It gave him quite a pang to think of some little Sands or Jenkins adorned with these tucks he had seen run so carefully and frills sewn so daintily. He had evidently given Jane credit for a great deal more unselfishness and devotion to him and his than she really felt, for she had all the time been busy working and providing for her

own people when he had thought she was full of consideration for Edith's child. Pshaw! he had to pull himself together and take himself to task. For even in these few days he had grown to think of that little brown-faced, dark-eyed baby as his grandchild, instead of Martin Blake's brat. Insensibly and naturally, too, the child had brought back the memory of its mother, first as baby, then as sweet and winsome little child; then as bright, wilful, coaxing girl, and lastly, unless he kept his thoughts well in check, there followed on these brighter memories the shadow of a white, worn woman under the yew-tree in the churchyard, and of a voice that said "Father."

That uninteresting child at Stokeley apparently required a great supply of clothes, for Jane Sands was hard at work again that evening, and when he came in from the choir practice, he heard her singing over her work as she used to do in old days, and when he went in for his pipe, she looked up with a smile that seemed to expect a sympathetic response, and made no effort to conceal the work as she had done the day before.

He stood morosely by the fireplace for a minute, shaking the ashes out of his pipe.

"You're very much taken up with that baby," he said crossly; and she looked up quickly, thinking that perhaps he had a hole in his stocking or a button off his shirt to complain of, as a consequence of her being engrossed in other work. But he went on without looking at her, and apparently deeply absorbed in getting an obstinate bit of ash out of the pipe-bowl.

"There's a child at Mrs. Gray's they say is very short of clothes. That baby, you know——"

"That baby that was found in the garden?" Jane said in such a curiously uninterested tone of voice that he could not resist glancing round at her; but she was just then engaged in that mysterious process of "stroking the gathers" which the intelligent feminine reader will understand requires a certain attention. If this indifference were assumed, Jane Sands was a much better actor and a more deceptive character than he had believed possible; if she were too entirely absorbed in her own people to give even a thought to her young mistress's baby, she was not the Jane Sands he thought he had known for the last twenty years. The only alternative was that she knew nothing about the baby having been left on his doorstep, nor of the meeting with his

daughter in the churchyard which had preceded it.

What followed convinced him that this was the case, though it also a little favored the other hypothesis of her selfish absorption in her own people.

"Perhaps," he said, "you could look out some of those baby things up-stairs if there are any left."

"What? I beg your pardon, sir. What did you say?"

"Those baby clothes up-stairs that you gave to your sister's baby."

"Those!" she said, with a strange light of indignation in her eyes, more even than you would have expected in the most grasping and greedy person on a proposal that something should be snatched from her hungry maw and given to another. "Those! Little Miss Edith's things! that her own mother made and that I've kept so careful all these years in case Miss Edith's own should need them!"

You see she forgot in the excitement of the moment that these were the very things she had been giving away so freely to that common little child at Stokeley; but women are so inconsistent.

"Well?" he said, as her breath failed her in this unusual torrent of remonstrance. "Why not?"

"For a little gipsy child! a foundling that nobody knows anything about! Don't do it, master, don't! I couldn't abear to see it. Here, let me get a bit of print and flannel and run together a few things for the child. I'd rather do it a hundred times than that those things should be given away — and just now too!"

It was very plain to Mr. Robins that she did not know; but all the same he was half inclined to point out that it was not a much more outrageous thing to bestow these cherished garments on a foundling than on her sister's baby; but she was evidently so unconscious of her inconsistency in the matter that he did not know how to suggest it to her.

"I'm going into Stokeley to-morrow," she went on, "and if you liked I could get some print and make it a few frocks. I saw some very neat at 4½ that would wash beautiful, and a good stout flannel at 11½. Oh! not like that," she said, as he laid a finger on some soft Saxony flannel with a pink edge which lay on the table. "Something more serviceable for a baby like that."

Well, perhaps it was better that Jane should not know who the baby was of whom she spoke so contemptuously. A baby was none the better or healthier for

being dressed up in frills and lace; and Mrs. Gray was a thoroughly clean, motherly woman, and would do well by the child.

All the same, when Jane came back from Stokeley next day and unfolded the parcel she had brought from the draper's there, he could not help feeling that that somewhat dingy lavender, though it might wash like a rag, was, to say the least, uninteresting, and the texture of the flannel, even to his indiscriminating eye, was a trifle rough and coarse for baby limbs.

He knew nothing (how should he?) of the cut and make of baby clothes, but somehow, these, under Jane's scissors and needle, did not take such attractive proportions as those she had prepared for the other baby; nor did the stitches appear so careful and minute, though Jane's worst enemy, if she had any, could not have accused her of putting bad work even into the hem of a duster, let alone a baby's frock. He also noticed that, industriously as she worked at the lavender print, her ardor was not sufficient to last beyond bedtime, and that, when the clock struck ten, her work was put away, without any apparent reluctance, even when, to all appearance, it was so near completion that any one would have given the requisite ten minutes just from the mere pride of finishing.

That Sunday afternoon when the curious name Zoe, sounding across the church in the strange clergyman's voice, startled the organist, who had not expected the christening to take place that day, one of the distracting thoughts which made him make so many mistakes in the music was wondering what Jane Sands would think of the name, and whether it would rouse any suspicion in her mind and enlighten her a little as to who the baby at Mrs. Gray's really was. The name was full of memories and associations to him; surely it must be also a little to Jane Sands.

But of all Sunday afternoons in the year, she had chosen this to go over to Stokeley church. Why, parson and clerk were hardly more regular in their attendance than Jane Sands, as a rule; it was almost an unheard-of thing for her seat to be empty, but to-day it was so, and the row of little boys whom her gentle presence generally awed into tolerable behavior, indulged unchecked in all the ingenious naughtiness that infant mind and body are capable of in church.

She came in rather late with his tea, apologizing for having kept him waiting.

"It was christening Sunday," she said,

and then she looked at him rather wistfully.

Perhaps she has heard, he thought; perhaps the neighbors have told her the name, and she is beginning to guess.

"And the baby has been called ——" she hesitated and glanced timidly at him.

"Well?" he said encouragingly, "what is the name?"

"Edith," she answered, "was one name."

Pshaw! it was the baby at her sister's she was talking of all the time! He turned irritably away.

"He can't bear to hear the name, even now; or, perhaps, he's cross at being kept waiting for tea," thought Jane Sands.

CHAPTER VI.

As spring glided into summer, and June's long, bright, hay-scented days passed by, followed by July, with its hot sun pouring down on the ripening wheat and shaven hay-fields, and on the trees, which had settled down into the monotonous green of summer, the little, brown-faced baby at the Grays' thrived and flourished, and entwined itself round the hearts of the kindly people in whose care Providence, by the hands of the organist, had placed it. It grew close to them like the branches of the Virginia creeper against a battered, ugly, old wall, putting out those dainty little hands and fingers that cling so close, not even the roughest wind or driving rain can tear them apart. Gray, coming in dirty and tired in the evening, after a long day's work in the hayfield or carting manure, was never too tired, nor for the matter of that too dirty, to take the baby, and let it dab its fat hands on his face, or clasp at his grizzled whiskers, or slobber open-mouthed kisses on his cheeks.

Tom — who had bought a blue tie, and begun taking Mary Jane, dairymaid at the farm, out walking on a Sunday evening, for at the age of sixteen, and on three-and-sixpence a week, it is natural and usual to think of matrimony — Tom, I say, let Zoe keep him from his siren, and scramble at that vivid necktie, and pull the bit of southern wood out of his button-hole, and rumple his well-oiled locks out of all symmetry; while Bill expended boundless ingenuity and time in cutting whistles, and fashioning whirligigs, which were summarily disposed of directly they got into the baby's hands.

As for Mrs. Gray, it is unnecessary to say that she was the most complete slave of all Zoe's abject subjects, and the neigh-

bors all agreed that she was downright silly-like over that little brown-faced brat as was no better — no, nor nothing to hold a candle to my Johnnie, or Dolly, or Bobby as the case might be.

An unprejudiced observer might have thought that Mrs. Gray had some reason for her high opinion of Zoe, for she was certainly a very much prettier baby than the majority in Downside, who were generally of the dumpling type, with two currants for eyes. And she was also a very good baby — "And easy enough too for any one to be good!" would be the comment of any listening Downside mother; "when they always gets their own way;" which, however, is not so obvious a truth as regards babies under a year, as it is of older people. Certainly to be put to bed awake and smiling at seven o'clock, and thereupon to go to sleep, and sleep soundly, till seven o'clock next morning, shows an amount of virtue in a baby which is unhappily rare, though captious readers may attribute it rather to good health and digestion, which may also be credited, perhaps, with much virtue in older people.

"And I do say," Mrs. Gray was never tired of repeating to any one who had patience to listen, "as nothing wouldn't upset that blessed little angel, as it makes me quite uneasy thinking as how she's too good to live, as is only natural to mortal babies to have the tantrums now and then, if it's only from stomachache."

The only person who seemed to sympathize in the Grays' admiration for the baby was the organist. It was really wonderful, Mrs. Gray said, the fancy he had taken to the child — "Ay, and the child to him too, perking up and looking quite peart like, as soon as ever his step come along the path." The wonder was mostly in the baby taking to him, in Mrs. Gray's opinion, as there was nothing to be surprised at in any one taking to the baby; but, "he, with no chick nor child of his own, and with that quiet kind of way with him as ain't general what children like; though don't never go for to tell me as Mr. Robins is proud and stuck up, as I knows better."

There was a sort of fascination about the child to the organist, and when he found that no one seemed to have the slightest suspicion as to who the baby really was, or why he should be interested in it, he gave way more and more to the inclination to go to the Grays' cottage, and watch the little thing, and trace the like-

ness that seemed every day to grow more and more strong to his dead wife and to her baby girl.

Perhaps any one sharper and less simple than Mrs. Gray might have grown suspicious of some other reason than pure, disinterested admiration for little Zoe, as the cause which brought the organist so often to her house; and perhaps if the cottage had stood in the village street, it might have occasioned remarks among the neighbors; but he had always, of late years, been so reserved and solitary a man that no notice was taken of his comings and goings, and if his way took him frequently over the hillside and down the lane—why, it was a very nice walk, and there was nothing to be surprised at.

The only person who might have noticed where he went, and how long he sometimes lingered, was Jane Sands, and I cannot help thinking that in old days she would have done so; but then, as we have seen, she was not quite the same Jane Sands she used to be, or at any rate not quite what we used to fancy her, devoted above all things to her master and his interests, but much absorbed in her own matters, and in those Stokeley friends of hers. She had asked for a rise in her wages too, which Mr. Robins assented to; but without that cordiality he might have done a few months before, and he strongly suspected that when quarter-day came, the wages went the same way as those baby clothes, for there was certainly no outlay on her own attire, which, though always scrupulously neat, seemed to him more plain and a shade more shabby than it used to be.

As the summer waxed and waned, the love for little Zoe grew and strengthened in the organist's heart. It seemed a kind of possession, as if a spell had been cast on him; in old times it might have been set down to witchcraft; and, indeed, it seemed something of the sort to himself, as if a power he could not resist compelled him to seek out the child—to think of it, to dream of it, to have it so constantly in his mind and thoughts, that from there it found its way into his heart. To us, who know his secret, it may be explained as the tie of blood, the drawing of a man, in spite of himself, towards his own kith and kin; blood is thicker than water, and the organist could not reject this baby grandchild from his natural feelings, though he might from his house. And beyond and above this explanation, we may account for it, as we may for most otherwise unaccountable things, as being the leading

of a wise Providence working out a divine purpose.

Perhaps the punishment that was to come to the organist by the hands of little Zoe—those fat, dimpled brown hands, that flourished about in the air so joyously when he whistled a tune to her—began from the very first, for it was impossible to think of the child without thinking of the mother, and to look at Zoe without seeing the likeness that his fond fancy made far plainer than it really was; and to think of the mother and to see her likeness was to remember that meeting in the churchyard, and the sad, pleading voice and hollow cough, and the cold denial he had given, and the beating rain and howling wind of that dreary night. He grew by degrees to excuse himself to himself and to plead that he was taken unawares and that, if she had not taken his answer as final, but have followed him to the house, he should certainly have relented.

And then he went a step further. I think it was one July day, when the baby had been more than usually gracious to him, and he had ventured, in Mrs. Gray's absence, to lift her out of the cradle and carry her down the garden path, finding her a heavier weight than when he had first taken her to the Grays' cottage. She had clapped her hands at a great, velvet-bodied humble-bee, she had nestled her curly head into his neck, and with the feeling of her soft breath on his cheek he had said to himself: "If Edith were to come back now I would forgive her for the baby's sake, for Zoe's sake." He forgot that he had need to be forgiven too. "She will come back," he told himself; "she will come back to see the child. She could not be content to hear nothing more of her baby and never to see her, in spite of what she said. And when she comes it shall be different for Zoe's sake."

He wondered if Jane Sands knew where Edith was, or ever heard from her. He sometimes fancied that she did, and yet, if she knew nothing of the baby, it was hardly likely that she had any correspondence with the mother. He was puzzled, and more than once he felt inclined to let her into the secret, or at least drop some hint that might lead to its discovery.

It pleased him to imagine her delight over Edith's child, her pride in and devotion to it; she would never rest till she had it under her care, and ousted Mrs. Gray from all share in little Zoe. And yet, whenever he had got so far in his inclination to tell Jane, some proof of her

absorption in that baby at Stokeley, for whom he had a sort of jealous dislike, threw him back upon himself and made him doubt her affection for her young mistress and resolve to keep the secret to himself, at any rate for the present.

He came the nearest telling her one day in August, when, as he was watering his flowers in the evening, Mrs. Gray passed the gate with that very little Zoe, who was so constantly in his thoughts.

She had a little white sun-bonnet on, which Jane Sands had actually bestowed upon her—rather grudgingly, it is true, and only because there was some defect about it which made it unworthy of the pampered child at Stokeley. Zoe saw the organist, or, at least, Mrs. Gray imagined that she did, for the cry she gave might equally well have been intended as a greeting to a pig down in the ditch.

"Well a-never, who'd a' thought! she see you ever so far off, bless her! and give such a jump as pretty near took her out of my arms. Why there! Mr. Robins don't want you, Miss Saucy, no one don't want such rubbish; a naughty, tiresome gal! as won't go to sleep, but keeps jumping and kicking and looking about till my arm's fit to drop with aching."

Jane Sands was sitting at work just outside the kitchen door at the side of the house, he had seen her there a minute ago when he filled the watering can at the pump, and a sudden impulse came into his mind to show her the child.

He did not quite decide what he should say, or what he should do, when the recognition, which he felt sure was unavoidable, followed the sight of the child; but he just yielded to the impulse and took the child from Mrs. Gray's arms and carried her round to the back door. The recognition was even more instantaneous than he had expected. As he came round the corner of the house, with the little white-bonneted girl in his arms, Jane sprang up with a cry of glad surprise and delight, such as swept away in a moment all his doubt of her loyalty to him and his, and all his remembrance of her absorption in that little common child at Stokeley. She made a step forward and then stood perfectly still, and the light and gladness faded out of her face, and her hands that had been stretched out in delighted greeting fell dull and lifeless to her sides.

He said nothing, but held the child towards her; it was only natural that she should doubt, being so unprepared, but a second glance would convince her.

"I thought," she said, looking the baby

over, with what in a less kind, gentle face, might have been quite a hard, critical manner, "I thought for a minute——"

"Well?"

"I was mistaken," she said; "of course I was mistaken." And then she added to herself more than to him, "It is not a bit like——"

"Look again," he said, "look again, don't you see a likeness?"

"Likeness? Oh, I suppose it's the gipsy child up at Mrs. Gray's, and you mean the likeness to the woman who came here that day she was left; but I don't remember enough of her to say. It's plain the child's a gipsy. What a swarthy skin to be sure!"

Why, where were her eyes? To Mr. Robins it was little Edith over again. He wondered that all the village did not see it and cry out on him.

But it was not likely that after this his confidence should go farther, and just then the child began a little grumble, and he took her back hastily to Mrs. Gray with a disappointed, crest-fallen feeling.

Jane Sands was conscious that her reception of the baby had not been satisfactory, and she tried to make amends by little complimentary remarks, which annoyed him more than her indifference.

"A fine, strong child and does Mrs. Gray great credit."

"It's a nice, bright little thing, and I dare say will improve as it grows older."

She could not imagine why the organist grunted in such a surly way in reply to these remarks, for what on earth could it matter to him what any one thought of a foundling, gipsy child?

From The National Review.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF CORSICA.

A JOURNEY by sea of, say, more than twelve hours and less than three or four days, must, to ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, however comfortable the ship, be a tiresome if not a disagreeable experience. If you are a good sailor, you have no time to get into the ways of the ship, to get on terms with the steward and the captain, or with your fellow-passengers; you feel it isn't worth while. So you smoke continuously and abuse the food at meal-times, which, on these short-voyage steamers (and not on these only), well deserves it, being, as a rule, execrable. If you are a bad sailor, your plight is sad indeed. You know that the voyage

does not last long enough to enable you to gain your sea-legs — or sea-stomach — so you lie down in your berth, knowing that you must endure to the end, yet feeling at times, when the ship rolls heavily, that an end will be prematurely put to your endurance.

The voyage from Marseilles to Ajaccio took us seventeen hours. Guide-books and time-tables say twelve, but I believe it has seldom or never been done under sixteen. Certainly we had one of the oldest boats of the Compagnie Transatlantique, the *Maréchal Canrobert*. She was to be painted afresh, we were told, when the company could find time — or paint, for I hardly think it could have been press of work, as she carried only six cabin passengers, while, from the height she was out of the water, and the way she rolled, she must have carried very little cargo.

My first glimpse of Corsica was through the port-hole of my cabin, about 7 A.M. We had left Marseilles at 4 P.M. the day before. It was raining heavily; sea, sky, and mountains were all a uniform grey, the last apparently rising almost straight from the sea, though, on a nearer approach, I found that some lesser slopes intervened between the taller peaks and the coast-line, which slopes were, for the most part, covered with brushwood of various kinds, amongst which the yellow *cytisus* and a white *cistus* predominated. Of the snow-clad summits of Monte d'Oro, Rotondo, Cinto, and others, all between seven thousand and nine thousand feet high, I could see nothing, unfortunately, for I was told the *coup d'œil* from the sea is magnificent. Soon we passed close to Les Iles Sanguinaires, three rocks jutting out in a line from the mainland of the island, towards the south. On the largest of these is a lighthouse, connected by an electric wire with Ajaccio, some seven miles away. On these islands, and, we are told, nowhere else, grow a most curious looking plant. I have heard it called an arum lily, but it has not the slightest resemblance to one. It has large, coarse leaves of, perhaps, a foot long; the bud (I did not see the open flower) was fully nine inches long, and strongly reminded me of a pelican's beak in shape, while the color and markings — green, streaked with purple — were very similar to those of a pitcher plant. It is carnivorous in its nature, consuming quantities of flies; and, I believe, when fully out, the flower has a most repulsive smell, described to us as suggestive of a charnel-

house. The seed is supposed to have been first carried to the islands by birds, or cast ashore from some wreck.

Thirty minutes after passing Les Iles Sanguinaires — I never could get a satisfactory explanation of the name — the steamer dropped her anchor in the outer port of the bay of Ajaccio, about two hundred yards from the quay. We lost no time in tumbling ourselves — leaving our baggage to follow — into a small boat, so eager were we either to get to Corsica, or to get away from the *Maréchal Canrobert*.

In spite of the still pouring rain, large numbers of the natives, and not a few visitors, came to watch our landing. They had had a long spell of *mauvais temps*, and probably the onlookers came to cheer themselves with the sight of fellow-creatures apparently more unfortunate than themselves, though, as a rule, your true misanthrope refuses to allow any claims to misery superior to his own.

A broad boulevard, the Grand Val, shaded by two rows of ornamental trees — just then (April 9th) coming into leaf — runs inland for about half a mile, in a straight line from the quay, uphill all the way. On this boulevard, at the upper end, three out of the four principal hotels in Ajaccio are built, and at the furthest of these, the Belle Vue, we were duly set down and installed. At this distance, the Grand Val has fairly outrun the town, and in another hundred and fifty yards it finally loses itself in a large, square plateau, on which companies of soldiers are drilled in the early morning, marching to the music of the drum and "wry-necked fife," to the great discomfort of the sleepy visitor.

In England, representations to the commanding officer would very soon be made if the civilian population of a town had their rest disturbed every morning at six by the loud braying of a band. In France, the paramount duty is to prepare to fight the Germans, and until they have beaten them, or, as is quite as probable, been beaten by them, everything must give way to the military. A highway from Ajaccio towards the Iles Sanguinaires is closed to the public whenever the soldiers indulge in rifle practice, as it has pleased the military authorities to place their butts near the road. Nor do they even take the trouble to give notice of the fact; we were only turned back on arriving at the spot, some five miles out of the town.

This Grand Val in May does duty as a race-course, and a very stiff finish it must prove on to the aforesaid plateau. Appar-

ently, too, it is a recognized training ground, as often we saw a horse ridden full gallop up this principal and populous thoroughfare, though never, however near the start, did I see any attempt on the part of the rider to husband the resources of his animal with an eye to the finish.

According to Black's latest guide to Corsica (1888), there is yet another hotel, the Grand, still higher up the street, larger than any of the other hotels, with hot and cold water baths, lift, and a resident English physician on the premises. This description is, however, slightly premature, as at present there are only a few preliminary piles of building stones, while olive-trees still stand on the site. As a matter of fact, the Grand Hotel has not yet got further than the issue of a prospectus, and the payment by the promoter of caution money to the municipality, which money the said promoter is now endeavoring to get back again, a process which he finds as difficult as the proverbial extraction of butter from a dog's throat.

I do not cite this hotel story as characteristic of Corsica. We are greater adepts at home at building such castles in the air; indeed, I believe the promoter in this very case was a fellow-countryman.

It was on the ground floor of this palace in embryo that I first saw feeding a breed of sheep peculiar to the island. Their fleeces looked more like long, silky hair than wool, and though they often went whole days amongst thick brushwood of all sorts, yet this hair never seemed to get matted or torn, or even to lose its gloss. Small, fine heads, they have, with sharply cut muzzles shining like black silk, for white or parti-colored sheep in Corsica are as much the exception in a flock as black ones in England; altogether a far more interesting and aristocratic looking creature than its English cousin, but an animal to admire only, not to eat.

But the rain had stopped long ago, and the sun is shining, so we stroll down the Grand Val to take our first look at Ajaccio. The houses, at first detached, chiefly villas and hotels, with large spaces between, grow thicker together as we descend the hill towards the quay. About three parts of the way down, we come upon a large, open space on our right, planted round with plane and acacia trees. It is here that the citizens and the citizenesses of Ajaccio meet their friends and show themselves, and on Sundays listen to the band. Below this square, stretching left and right, lies the town proper, with

its tall, six-storied houses and narrow streets, smelling as all and only the older quarters of French and Italian towns do smell.

Ajaccio, for a town of twenty thousand inhabitants, struck us as being very poorly provided with shops. Nor do the shopkeepers tempt you to buy their wares by putting them in their windows, possibly because they have not got them to put. One establishment I must except, that of Lanzi Frères, which was a small universal provider's, and where the few things we actually did buy seemed astonishingly cheap. The only articles displayed at all were the *specialités* of the place, gourds and stilettes, both toy ones for ornament and larger ones for use. The gourds were of every size, and could be bought plain, as used by the peasants for wine or water bottles, for three or four francs, or carved over with patterns or figures, the price varying with the fineness of the workmanship, many of the smaller ones being mounted in silver, and made into scent bottles. The most common ornamentations were a negro's head, the emblem of Corsica, and the likeness of one of the pet Corsican patriots (when the island indulged in dreams of independence), a Sampiero or a Paoli. Do they ever dream now, I wonder, of independence? I fancy not. The only liberty they desire is the liberty of killing each other in the vendetta, and this, if half the stories we heard are true, they practically have already. Should a Corsican, in revenge for injury done to himself or his relations, or even to his dog or his horse, kill another with knife or *coup de fusil*, public sympathy sustains him, the hills shelter him, his relations feed him, and justice in the shape of gendarmes winks with both eyes unless the murderer be very unpopular. True, he is termed a "bandit," and has to take refuge in the *macqui*, as the natural bush is called that clothes the mountain sides. Well informed Corsicans tell one that there are at this moment in the island over one thousand in hiding. But please understand the bandit is no brigand. Should you, defenceless, happen to fall in with him he will not take your purse, but on the contrary offer you food, if he has it, and shelter in his cave, and most probably refuse any payment for his hospitality. It is only his foe's family against which he wages war, and of course in self-defence with the gendarmes. These latter he will shoot with as much unconcern as a woodcock. And yet, though the Corsican will not rob you, it is not because he

does not love money. For a very few francs, both Corsican gentlemen and English residents aver, you can find a man who will do your killing for you and rid you of your enemy with knife or bullet. And whilst this utter contempt for human life prevails there can be no hope of the extinction of the vendetta.

An English gentleman, Captain G——, who has now lived for some ten or fifteen years in Corsica, on his own property, told me the following story. It seems that one of the *employés* of the former proprietor, fancying he had some grudge against the new owner, made himself objectionable by breaking down fences, driving goats and sheep into the gardens, and annoying Captain G—— in other ways. Captain G—— happened to mention the fact of the man's enmity, and deplored it as unreasonable, both to a Corsican gentleman, a neighboring proprietor, and also to a shepherd with whom he was on friendly terms.

"Let me know if it continues," said the gentleman, "and I will have the man taken over to yonder rocks, and you won't hear of him again."

"I will arrange for a little *coup de fusil* whenever you like to give me 'the office,'" said the *berger*.

This was fifteen years ago, but even now it is said there is in Ajaccio alone at least one murder a week, though these outrages are so hushed up by the authorities that it is difficult to get any reliable statistics. I never, for instance, saw the account of any murder in the little local French paper, *Le Railement*, the only one, I think, in Ajaccio; but this proves nothing, for there was undoubtedly one atrocious crime committed in the village of Bocognano, about twenty miles off, while we were at Ajaccio, for particulars of which I vainly studied the columns of *Le Railement*.

The official whose duty it was to investigate the matter had wanted to requisition from the livery-stable keeper the carriage I had bespoken, so I heard the story from the man's own mouth.

The victim was an Italian who had married and settled at Bocognano. The Italians are called *lucquas* by the Corsicans, and come over from Italy in large numbers. They are very industrious, and do a great deal of the hard work of the island. Their example of industry excites the Corsican's jealousy, but not his emulation, hence there is little love lost between them.

It appeared that the pig of a Corsican wandered near the open cottage door of

an Italian, and to drive it off the latter threw a stone, whereupon the wife of the Corsican indignantly demanded of her husband if an Italian was to throw stones at a Corsican pig with impunity. The Corsican at once went into his house, and returning with his gun, shot the Italian dead on the spot. The murderer escaped to the *macqui*, and is, I presume, there still, unless the extenuating circumstance of the victim being a *lucqua* has enabled him to return unmolested to the bosom of his family.

That their fellow-countrymen, and even the authorities, sympathize with these miscreants, or, at least, are afraid of them, seems clear from the absurdly inadequate sentence passed on the murderer of even an Englishman some three years ago. A certain Major Roden, manager for some mining company, had occasion to turn off several of the hands. They at once drew lots who was to shoot him, and shot he was in broad daylight. There was no doubt as to the murderer; he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to *three years imprisonment*!

An English lady, a Mrs. L——, who has lived fifteen years in Ajaccio, and has done a great deal of nursing there, told me that at that moment there were two cases of vendetta in the hospital. It was in vain that both Mrs. L—— and the sister of mercy inculcated the Christian duty of forgiveness for injury, on a man badly shot in the thigh. "No, I must shoot him as soon as ever I leave the hospital, if I can," said the man, speaking of his adversary; and, indeed, both Mr. and Mrs. L—— admitted that he would lose caste with his family, and perhaps be boycotted, if he did not do his level best at retaliation.

One could fill pages with similar stories, if one could remember half of what we were told, and on good authority. A man's wife is shot because her husband kills a dog that had bitten him. In another village, a slain sheep leads to the murder of two men; and public opinion sympathizes with the offender, much as it does in this country with a poacher. You may buy gourds carved with the figure of a bandit shooting a gendarme, but you may ask in vain for one representing a gendarme shooting a bandit.

But enough of these horrors, which the romantic name of vendetta, except to a Corsican, fails to redeem from the ordinary catalogue of stupid and brutal crime. If the Corsican resembles the savage in his contempt for human life, he has, on the other hand, some of the virtues of

uncivilized man, amongst which the old-fashioned one of hospitality stands pre-eminent. Should you lose your way and become benighted, the Corsican peasant will give you his best of bed and board, and on the morrow point out your road, declining any money you may offer for services rendered.

A Danish officer and his wife, staying at our hotel, lost their way out riding, and found themselves — too late to return that night — at a small village some fifteen miles from Ajaccio. They were fed and lodged for the night, the beds being scrupulously clean, and even a boy of fourteen would not accept so much as a franc for his ministrations.

In respect, too, of the position their womenkind appear to occupy in the social *ménage* (please understand I am not citing this as a virtue), the Corsicans seem to approximate in their ideas to the noble savage. See a peasant and his wife coming into market. She will be walking along loaded with a large basket on her arm, and probably another on her head, heavy with produce of farm and garden, while he will have only his pipe in his mouth and his gun slung over his shoulder; and, indeed, should his means permit, will probably be riding a pony or mule. Very picturesque fellows some of them look, with their broad-brimmed hats and hot-looking suits of black or brown velveteen. I am bound to say we did occasionally meet couples with the above respective positions reversed; but these we put down as lovers or honeymoon couples. The women, if they do ride, ride after the fashion of Miss Bird or an Indian squaw, *i.e.*, on both sides of the horse, as I have seen it expressed.

Judging from his language and appearance, you would say that the Corsican would assimilate more readily with Italy than France. A gentleman who spoke Italian well, told me that after a few days' conversation with the natives he could easily understand their language. As a matter of fact, the Corsicans dislike Italians. Events have proved stronger than race affinities, and the accident of Napoleon having been born in Ajaccio seems to be in itself sufficient to identify Corsica with France.

Our first drive in Corsica might easily have proved our last. We drove along a road winding up and round the hill at the back of the town, through an olive wood, to a very commonplace looking spring called the fountain of Salario. It was a

steep climb, and we were not rewarded by any fine view, as the clouds were lying low on the mountains. Coming down again, as we swung round one of the sharp turns of the zigzag road, the pole of the carriage came out. Happily the horses, apparently accustomed to such a mishap, stopped almost of their own accord, and we replaced the pole, I holding it in position while the driver drove it home with a large stone. This was our only accident, though we afterwards drove, I should say, nearly two hundred miles before we left the island.

The Corsican horses are miracles of endurance. Cowhocked, half-starved weeds to look at, apparently lacking both in strength and stamina, these animals, when put to the test, seemed all muscle and whip-cord. Though very small — fourteen hands would be above the average — they tugged away at the lumbering old diligences in the gamest way, and with only an ordinary light open carriage behind them would, without being unduly distressed, do their thirty to forty miles a day for a week together.

Given fine weather — which an Englishman always regards as much his right, when once on the Continent, as if it had been included in the bargain when he purchased his Cook's ticket in Piccadilly — there is no pleasanter method of progression than driving in an open carriage, especially when, as in Corsica, you have the most excellent government roads. I am not exaggerating when I say I have never seen roads in England or Scotland so perfectly made or so perfectly kept, though I understand their capabilities are severely tried at certain times of the year, when heavy timber is brought down in large quantities from the interior to the coast.

In time, doubtless, the temptation, apparently irresistible to so many, to *do* as much as possible of a country in the shortest time will drive people more and more to the railways. At present, however, the railway company, by running only two trains a day and those at the most inconvenient of times, and at the slowest possible pace, are disinterestedly avoiding competition with the carriage traffic as much as possible. The only line at present in operation is a single one, projected across the island from Ajaccio to Bastia. Unfortunately, owing to a serious error in the engineer's calculations, there is at present a gap of about twenty-six miles between Bocognano and Corté,

over the pass of Vizzavona, which is filled up by a diligence service.*

These vehicles are of the most antiquated description, built, I should say, before the tax on glass was abolished; so small were the apertures to let in the much needed light and air amongst perhaps six or eight closely packed odoriferous natives. We never travelled in one of these ramshackle conveyances. I believe they were cheap; I am sure they were nasty.

A tunnel two and a half miles long is to carry the railway under the pass of Vizzavona, and just before we landed the engineer had made the discovery that his two tunnels from either end were not going to meet in the middle. Failure is not so fatal as success, so he did not, I believe, as did the poor engineer of the St. Gothard tunnel, drop dead at the supreme moment of disappointment. The gauge is a very narrow one, barely more than three feet; and the small, very bright blue, yellow, and claret-colored carriages quite reminded one of those in the nursery at home. The two daily trains run, as I mentioned, at most unseasonable hours; the 5 A.M. speaks for itself; the 5 P.M. from Ajaccio lands you between seven and eight at Bocognano, where you choose between staying the night at a dirty-looking wine shop, or travelling on by diligence through the night another fifteen or thirty miles to Vivario or Corté.

Rather than get up at half past four in the morning, we elected to drive in a private carriage through to Corté, about fifty miles, staying the night at Vivario.

We started soon after eight, and were not a little surprised, while bowling comfortably along the road parallel with the line, to be overtaken at nine o'clock, when scarcely eight miles on our journey, by the 5 A.M. from Ajaccio.

At first we thought it must be a special; but no, it was the ordinary train. Could there, then, be anything of the nature of a Corsican Derby Day, or an Easter Monday review, to cause such a dislocation of the traffic, or do passengers wait at the terminus, as do visitors to the Tower, until the party is sufficiently large to be personally conducted? No; neither hypothesis was tenable, for there were only three people in the whole train. We sought an explanation from our driver.

"Oh, it is nothing," said he. "*On change le temps chaque jour.*"

This lofty disregard of routine is not,

* The above was written in April of last year; probably by this time through railway communication has been established.

however, usual on a Corsican railway. In other matters they can exhibit, and even surpass, that pedantic adherence to forms and ceremonies so dear to the Continental railway official. Though thirty minutes late after a tedious journey of four hours, we were kept fully fifteen minutes just outside Bastia, in order that the lamps might be lighted throughout the train, solely to take us through a tunnel barely three hundred yards long into the terminus. I suppose they were solemnly extinguished again two minutes afterwards, as the train went no further that evening.

But this has been a long digression, and meanwhile our carriage has been mounting steadily, though, so admirably engineered is the road, almost imperceptibly, to the height of about fifteen hundred feet, at which elevation stands Bocognano, where we arrive about midday.

It is a long, straggling village of over one thousand inhabitants, lying amongst groves of Spanish chestnuts, with houses here and there so close to each other on both sides, as to justify the road in calling itself a street.

Bocognano, though but twenty-five miles from the capital, was only a year or two ago the stronghold of the Bellicosias, a numerous family of bandits, who for years had held their own against the gendarmes, acknowledging no laws but their own. Broken up at last, the Corsican authorities tell you that the leaders have left the island; people who think themselves better informed say they are still hiding in the *macqui*.

"Last year," said our driver, "Bellicosia's mother was dying in Bocognano, and the gendarmes thought he would come to see her, and watched for him accordingly."

"And did they catch him?" we asked.

"No," replied the *cocher*, with a wink; "but perhaps he saw his mother for all that."

Soon after leaving Bocognano, we begin our mount to the top of the Vizzavona Pass, and wonder, as we leave the mouth of the tunnel far below us, whether the engineer has yet found out where he is wrong. Along the road towards the summit are tall posts some fifteen feet high, painted blue and red in alternate lengths. These are to enable the diligence drivers to estimate the depth of the snow in winter by counting the number of red and blue metres still visible.

At the extreme summit (three thousand eight hundred feet) stands what is euphemistically styled a fort, a dreary place

enough for the dozen or two soldiers quartered there.

For the first two or three miles of the descent we drove through a pine forest thick with trees, save where in places a clearance had been made by a forest fire, showing acres of blackened stumps standing out in dark relief against the snow-covered ground.

Thirteen miles from Bocognano we reached Vivario, our halting-place for the night, nestling at the foot of an amphitheatre of mountains, and so shut in by them that we wondered how we were to get out next morning. The church tower was undergoing repair, so the bell had been hung *pro tem.* in a large walnut-tree close by.

But how shall I describe the scenery we had been passing through all day, in our thirty-eight miles from Ajaccio? Description of scenery is, I sometimes think, an art in itself, like landscape painting. Certainly it would require a far abler pen than mine to do justice to the natural beauties of Corsica. The steep mountain peaks of over five thousand feet high are clothed to the very top, not with the stunted timber usually found (in Europe, at least) at such altitudes, but with giants measuring often four to five feet in diameter, and in the case of the *laricio* pine and the beech, tall in proportion. Seen from a distance, the large, hardwood trees, such as oak, beech, and chestnut, give the high ridges a curiously indented appearance as of crumbled rock. Above all these, again, tower the white summits of Monte d'Oro, Rotondo, and others of less note, cold and clear against the morning sky, or pink under the setting sun.

Many of the peaks are composed of a red granite which, contrary to one's idea of granite, is soft and friable. I suppose the fire was not hot enough, or the materials were badly mixed in the pre-historic period, when it was boiled and crushed into solidity.

These granite rocks, worn by the elements into various quaint and jagged shapes, rise sheer many hundreds of feet, and varying in tone, as they do, from rose-color to dark red, form in places as at La Piana, on the west coast, one of the most striking and beautiful features in this most picturesque country.

One meets with no such diversity of timber elsewhere. You emerge for a moment into sunshine, out of the deep gloom of a pine forest, only to be again plunged into a deeper shade of cork-trees and ilex, the blackness of which is in turn relieved by the light fresh green of the

young beech leaves, glancing like flecks of sunlight amongst the dark fir stems.

But the tree of trees in Corsica is the Spanish chestnut. Not only is it by far the most ornamental, but it is also the most useful. Men, horses, and pigs live on the fruit thereof, raw, or ground into meal, cheap as dates to the Arab or rice to the Indian.

A single forest will sometimes extend over ten thousand acres, and the trees are well thinned, pruned, and renewed by government *forestiers*.

On the lands of private individuals, or on communal property, the chestnut on the high slopes takes the place of the olive-tree lower down the valley.

Many of the trees looked more than one hundred years old; their gnarled and twisted trunks, capable when hollow, as some of them were, of holding easily three or four men inside, reminded me more than any thing of Burnham Beeches. Every narrow valley was a grove of chestnuts, which followed the windings of the stream running down the centre through grass meadows as richly green as an English park, which the whole scene greatly resembled, cyclamens and narcissus taking the place of cowslips and primroses.

This article would become a botanical treatise were I to enlarge upon the numberless evergreen, flowering, and aromatic shrubs, which, in addition to the wild olive, arbutus, and cotoneaster formed the *macqui* or natural brushwood on the open slopes of the mountains.

In one place the prevailing tint would be given by the Mediterranean heath, in full flower, growing in some instances to a height of twelve feet or more, with quite a respectable trunk; the next slope would be white with *cistus* flowers, of which there were three prominent varieties, and these in turn would cede the first place, though they all intermingled, to the fragrant yellow *cytisus* of our green-houses.

On a hot, sunny day after rain, the air is literally loaded with a dozen different aromatic odors, and we could quite understand Napoleon's remark, that if he were put down blindfold into Corsica, he should know where he was from the scent.

After a comfortable night at Vivario, we started in pouring rain for our thirteen-mile drive to Corté. Alas! it continued to pour with scarcely a break the whole way. The mist hung about everywhere, the clouds lay low on the mountain side, and we could just see sufficient to convince us that we were missing some very fine scenery. However, by the time we

had finished our lunch at the Hotel Pierraggi, the sun was shining again, and the streets nearly dry.

Corté is the third largest town in the island, and has remained far more exclusively Corsican in general character and appearance than the more modernized and go-ahead seaports of Ajaccio and Bastia.

It stands most finely on a high rock, crowned with an ancient citadel, now so ruinous as to necessitate its being shortly pulled down as dangerous, thus depriving the place of its most picturesque feature.

Two large mountain streams, the Tavignano and Restonico, both well stocked with trout, meet at the base of the rock.

At Corté we happened, as English people, to come in for more than the ordinary civility accorded to foreigners. It appeared that a gang of boys or young men had been accustomed to regard the travelling stranger as what a Chinaman calls a *fangui* or "foreign devil," and would—especially if the *fangui* had not got a stick handy—throw stones at him, or at any defenceless lady sketching. Several outrages of the kind having occurred lately, a strong written remonstrance from the visitors followed up by a deputation to the mayor, resulted in the town crier being sent round the town blowing a trumpet, and escorted by gendarmes, with a proclamation threatening, in the name of the authorities, direst punishment to any offender. This happened the day before our arrival.

Several of the older inhabitants stopped us purposely in the street to disclaim, on the part of the respectable population, any sympathy with the gang, and the proclamation had, at least, a transitory effect on some of the offenders themselves, for on meeting half a dozen of these interesting youths they, at a preconcerted signal, took off their hats, and, with a low bow, chorused ironically, "Good-morning, sir," having, I should say, acquired painfully so much English purposely for the occasion.

Treating their salute as genuine, I returned it with equal politeness, which perhaps disconcerted them as much as anything else I could have done.

Corté is the starting point for the ascents of Monte d'Oro and Rotondo. We did not ourselves attempt any mountain climbing; I am therefore unable to give my readers any notion of the views to be enjoyed from the summits of these snow-clad giants, though doubtless—as the guide-books say—they "would well repay the toil of the ascent."

One of our polite friends there spontaneously offered us his donkey to ride, and his services as guide, if we would attempt the summit of Monte Rotondo, 9,068 feet "la montagne la plus haute presque du monde," as he proudly assured us. We declined his offer and considerably forbore to crush him under the twenty-nine thousand feet of Mt. Everest, or even bruise his patriotic pride with the height of Mt. Blanc.

Though we saw several shooting-boxes amongst the forests on the top of the passes, I do not think, from what I could learn, that I should advise any one to go to Corsica purely for sport.

Of course, first and foremost comes the moufflon; he is not legendary, but he is very scarce, and difficult to get at. Nor has he long, silky hair, as described in one of the guide-books, but he has a hide with close, short hair like a red deer, but lighter in color and finer in texture. A pair of massive horns curl over towards the middle of his back, and he has short legs like a goat.

You may camp out for a week in summer, when the moufflon come down from the tops, and yet not get a shot, or even see one. It is said that the hunter, moreover, does not care to take you to, or put you in, the best place for a shot, but I fancy a system of payment by results, would, at all events, secure this for you. The moufflon is, I understand, more plentiful in Sardinia.

In the way of smaller game, there are hares, duck, woodcock, and snipe; the latter are snared by the natives with horse-hair nooses—at least, so I was told by a sportsman who was plucking the tail of one of our horses as it stood at a wayside inn, for making *filets* for the very purpose.

Wild boars are fairly plentiful; one was brought to our hotel at Ajaccio, bought for twenty francs, and duly eaten at *table d'hôte*. The flesh was dark, and the flavor uninteresting. For my part, I much prefer the fat, domestic pig.

On Captain G——'s property, close to Ajaccio, in a cave some six hundred feet above his house, and which, more than once in the last eight or ten years has been, to the proprietors' knowledge, the shelter of bandits—I saw the marks of two wild boar, which, just then, were every night ravaging Captain G——'s shrubberies for acorns and roots, the havoc being sadly apparent here and there.

I conclude the hunter watches for them at night in an open space, for the scrub is so thick that it would be impossible to get

a shot at them in the daytime except by driving, and pig-sticking would be out of the question.

Perhaps the most lucrative sport in the island is the blackbird shooting. There are numbers of them on the hillsides, and they feed on the arbutus berries. The bodies are boned and made into *pâtés de merle*, and a very succulent *pâté* I was told it is. I was unable to taste it myself, as the vendors of Ajaccio were all sold out of last season's make.

With the exception of goldfinches, siskins, and brown and green linnets, small birds were scarce. I saw a few hoopoes near the coast, and a couple of jays high up in a pine forest.

One very handsome bird I had never seen before, and though I saw a stuffed one in Bastia, the shopman could not tell me its name; indeed, he declared it was not a Corsican bird at all. It was about the size of a grey shrike, with a longish tail; on its neck and breast it was brilliant with the blue sheen of a kingfisher's back, while its own back was of the same reddish cinnamon as the kingfisher's breast. It had a thin beak, slightly curved, like a bee-eater's, and was evidently hawking gnats in the sunshine when I first saw it. There were about six of them in a flock, and now and then one would light on the telegraph wires along the road.

Trout, from all I could hear, are fairly plentiful in many of the rivers, but of no great size. From the specimens I saw at *table d'hôte*, I should say that a half-pound fish would be above the average. There are, however, lakes amongst the mountains which may hold fish of a larger size. I did hear of at least two Englishmen who were staying at certain places purposely for fishing; but Englishmen on the subject of sport are so enthusiastic, that I cannot say that the fact itself is sufficient warranty for full baskets.

One of the minor characteristics of Corsica is the Corsican dog. Not that there is anything characteristic in the sense of peculiarity of breed—far from it; the peculiarity consists rather in each dog exhibiting in its own proper person signs of every conceivable variety, but so beautifully blended as to defy the acutest observer to say what breed any particular animal is meant for. Nature, indeed, seems to have been "so careless of the single type" that the only dog I saw with any pretensions to breeding was the bull dog belonging to the English consul, and that was a recent importation.

There is, however, a perceptible sport-

ing strain, whether of setter, spaniel, or pointer, the latter perhaps predominating; for your Corsican is a keen sportsman, and to be a successful one he must have a *chien de chasse*. The strain crops out in the most unexpected and ridiculous ways; you will see the spike tail—as the Yankees call it—of a pointer adorning the stern of a dog in face and size like a pug or a terrier; or a creature, with something like the head of a setter, tending sheep.

I asked of a peasant carrying a gun (most of them do) what sort of game he shot. "Oh, it is close time now," he replied, "shooting is *défendu*; besides," he added naively, "at present I have no dog."

On the whole, dogs have a good time in Corsica. Owners appear fond and proud of their animals, and non-owners, as long as the principle of love me, love my dog prevails, and the vendetta obtains, are also very careful of canine rights. A certain man who had been badly bitten in the leg, was inconsiderate enough to shoot the dog; his wife paid the penalty with her life, within a fortnight.

No notice of Corsica, however short, should omit mention of the shells in which her coasts are so rich. In variety, and delicacy of shape and coloring, they are equal to the wonders of the tropical seas.

A certain Miss Campbell, styled in Ajaccio, where she had a villa, the queen of Corsica, and who died about eighteen months ago, had for years devoted herself to the task of collecting, chiefly by means of dredging apparatus, every possible variety. The result I was permitted to see by the present owner, and the collection truly would rejoice the heart of a conchologist, while so beautifully were they set out in their numerous cases round the room that one hardly knew whether to admire more the shells themselves, or the taste and industry shown in arranging them.

Having brought my readers to Corsica, perhaps I ought to see them well off the island again, and I strongly recommend them to choose the short sea passage of six hours from Bastia to Leghorn. The boats are small but the sea is generally smooth, being protected on most sides from the swell of the main Mediterranean.

On a fine sunny day, the voyage is a pleasure and no penance, except to those determined few who insist upon being ill even before the ship has cast off from the quay.

No prettier view, during our whole three weeks in Corsica, did we see than

the island of Caprera, close to which we passed about half way on our passage. We saw it first mistily blue in the distance, but ever growing sharper in outline as we approached, and changing to a deep purple. When abreast of the island, the colours of the rocks were simply marvellous in their variety and vividness of hue, grey, yellow, and red, and here and there a deeper red where a landslip on the precipitous edge of the cliff showed the soil. There was no beach, and these glorious rocks rose straight up into the sunshine out of a dark sapphire sea. For a brief moment, one of our fellow passengers thought that here at last he had found the Eden he had longed for. Alas, his dreams were short-lived, for on rounding the first headland we came abruptly on a convict settlement.

Every prospect pleases and only man is vile, we murmured, as the shadow of a cloud floated across the bright yellow grass on the upper slopes of the island.

CECIL F. PARR.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
IN THE DAYS OF THE DANDIES.

BY LORD LAMINGTON.

III.

THE YOUNG ENGLAND PARTY.

Publisher of Maga. You promised to tell me your early political experiences. Were you in Parliament with the Young England party?

Author. Yes; but I was an outsider. I joined them much later. Young England, so called, was a body of young men who had grown up together from Eton days.

It is remarkable how much the public education of England influences the lives of public men. The associations of public schools, and then of college, survive even political rivalries; it would be curious to study the influence of college friendships on political life. The present century has seen many parties which have had their origin and gained their strength by the ties of college sympathies. Take our great political meteor, W. Gladstone; what a phalanx of young future legislators and statesmen were at college with him! — Cardwell, Dalhousie, Canning, Sidney Herbert, Lord Elgin, Lord Lincoln, *cum multis aliis*. All these achieved eminence in Parliamentary and official life. Minister after minister, pro-consul after pro-consul, bear testimony to the merit of our

public school and college education. Another most interesting combination of college friends in the present century resulted in the Oxford movement, when we find, about the same period as Mr. Gladstone's, a galaxy of brilliant talent fraught with the most important destinies of the future. Newman, Manning, Faber, Pusey, Ward, Moseley, all imbued with the same earnestness of faith and sincerity of purpose. Cambridge was never so strong in literary sets or scholastic parties as Oxford, notwithstanding the old verse :

The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Oxford knows no argument but force;
In place of troops, to Cambridge books were sent,
For Cambridge knows no force but argument.

There was at Cambridge a small reunion of men very highly esteemed, who preceded the Young England party. They were called the Apostles; Hallam, Tennyson, Doyle, Monteith (the same whom I have already mentioned as so intimately connected with Mr. Urquhart). The Apostles set was succeeded by the Young England party; it originated, as I have remarked, in early friendships and good-fellowship. Every one who has enjoyed the advantage of a public school education knows how strong those friendships are. Mr. Disraeli says in "Coningsby:" "All loves in after-life can never bring their rapture; no bliss is so absorbing, no pangs of jealousy or despair so crushing or so keen. What tenderness, what devotion, what illimitable confidence, infinite revelations of inmost thoughts, what hopes in the present, what romance in the future, and melting recollections are confined in the simple phrase — a schoolboy's friendship! It is these recollections that make gray-haired men mourn over the memory of their schoolboy days, and it is a spell that can soften the acerbity of political warfare." There was something also of the romantic poetic sentiment which existed at that time, when the memories of Byron and Shelley were still fresh. The air was still full of Byronism; the golden youth might be seen with their shirt-collars turned down, and living on biscuits and soda-water, *à la* Byron. This frame of mind quickened the susceptibilities and sympathies. Young politicians felt kindly towards the poor and suffering, and strove to improve their condition, not by giving them votes, but by ministering to their wants and their enjoyments. What Ruskin calls "the two essential instincts of humanity, the love of order and the love

of kindness," in their relations to the people, were the first principle of the Young England party. Radicals proposed to console the suffering by votes and speeches; the Philosophic School gave them tracts and essays. Young England desired to lighten their servitude and to add to their enjoyments—in fact, to restore "Merrie England." People smiled at some of the panaceas suggested, but the smile was one of kindness and approval.

Maga. Whom did the party consist of?

A. Disraeli's novel of "Coningsby" gives a great many. There were Coningsby, Lord Henry Sydney, Sir Charles Buckhurst, Oswald Millbank. A key to "Coningsby" was published, which explains that the above names were supposed to represent respectively: Coningsby, Hon. George Smythe, afterwards Lord Strangford; Lord Henry Sydney, Lord John Manners, now Duke of Rutland; Sir Charles Buckhurst, Mr. Baillie-Cochrane, now Lord Lamington; Millbank, Mr. Walter; Lord Monmouth, the Marquis of Hertford; Rigby, Mr. Croker; Sidonia, Mr. Disraeli. There were a long list of others, but there were many of the members of Young England not included in "Coningsby." Mr. Borthwick, Mr. Beresford Hope, Augustus Stafford, Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton.

There were some amusing lines on Young England, by Serjeant Murphy, which were shown me by that popular whip and favorite of the House of Commons, Colonel Taylor. They appeared at the time of "Jack Sheppard," when that admirable comedian, Paul Bedford, sang a song with a refrain of "Nix my dolly pals, fake away," which was the popular air of the barrel-organ and the ballad-singer for the next season. I never had a copy of the verses, so quote from memory.

In the city of Oxford I was born,
At the time the moon was filling her horn,
Fake away.

Of offspring I had divers rum ones,
And you will find them all in the House of Commons,

Fake away.

I'll tell you them all—there is Cochrane-Baillie,

And then we have Benjamin Disraeli,—
Fake, Young England, fake away.

Bridport's the seat that Baillie won,
From the veteran Purist Warburton;
And Mitchell's his colleague, with face so yellow,

A Russia merchant what deals in tallow,—
Fake, Young England, fake away.

On Palmerston Baillie makes attacks,
But you must not think him a lad of wax;
I'll tell you awhile if you'll hold your peace,
For he's always a-flaring up about Greece,—
Fake, Young England, fake away.

With Roncesvalles upon his banners,
Comes prancing along my Lord John Manners;

He will play you a game of pitch-and-toss,
From a Spanish bull-fight to Don Carlos,—
Fake, Young England, fake away.

Next Peter Borthwick comes, and who knows,
Queen Christina might take him instead of Munoz.

And Benjamin Dizzy, our Jew *d'esprit*,
Who writes his novels in volumes three,—
Fake, Young England, fake away.

We have Smythe, and Hope with his opera-hat;

But they cannot get Dicky Milnes, that's flat—

He is not yet tinctured with Puseyite leavening,

But he may drop in in the "cool of the evening,"*—

Fake, Young England, fake away.

It may seem strange that I have only slightly mentioned Mr. Disraeli, who was supposed to be the head of the party; but this I understood was not so. He had nothing to do with the original formation of this small but far from unimportant section. After it was fairly started he took his seat on the Young England bench, and by his genius attracted all the younger members, when Grosvenor Gate became the centre where the political topics of the day were discussed, and a generous hospitality was exercised. The politics of Young England may in part explain, if it does not justify, Mr. Disraeli's Household Suffrage Bill, for one of the principal tenets of Young England was perfect confidence in the people. There was an intense conviction that the conservative strata was to be found in the lower classes, and lately much had occurred to justify this view. The great object of the party was to relieve the working classes from the tyranny of the manufacturers and employers. It was greatly by the energetic action of young England that the Factory Acts were passed. The effect which Mr. Busfield Ferrand, one of the party, produced in the House when he made his first attack on the manufacturers, will live long in the Parliamentary memory. He had only recently taken his seat, and had not attracted much attention except for his

* Mr. Richard Milnes was known amongst his friends as "the cool of the evening."

strenuous, bold, and burly appearance; but as soon as he rose, the House was taken by surprise by his Dantesque appearance and stentorian voice. The great denunciator of all manufacturing wrongs, of tyranny and fraud, had at last appeared. It was a Danton, a Mirabeau, addressing the Convention — not a simple member of Parliament, fresh from the hustings. When he spoke of the truck system, and tore in shreds a piece of cloth, full of what he styled “devil’s dust,” the effect was electrical. “Who,” each one asked, “was this man come to judgment, to strike the manufacturer root and branch with his terrible invective?” — a Yorkshireman, who was master of the subject, and clearly well acquainted with all the secrets of the factory system. It was a new revelation, and the Young England party followed up this speech by others in the country, which produced a great effect, and interested every one in this small section of the House. So great was the interest they excited, that invariably the first question asked by a stranger referred to the Young England party. Well, this party, headed latterly by Mr. Disraeli, did exercise an important influence on social questions; and as has been stated in a previous number, “the boys,” as they were styled, were the favorites of society — for it was an event in society to find young men in Parliament with a new set of ideas, who spoke in the name of the people, and combined the love of class privilege with a deep sympathy for the masses. It was called romantic, visionary, poetic; and there is even something in this, but there was much more beyond. They had most of them studied hard and thought deeply on political questions, and there was a freshness of mind, an honesty of purpose, which was an agreeable change from the hard, practical, dogmatic speeches of the old *habitués*, the red-tapist Parliamentarians. As they were of good social position, it may well be imagined that the interest the small party created was not confined to the House of Commons; the old politicians on either side were very kind to those who recalled to them their own youth. If it is gratifying to see the regard youth shows to age, the sympathy of age for the young is not less touching, and the verdict of the youth of the nation is the anticipation of that of posterity. The new party found no warmer friend than Lord Lyndhurst, whose generous qualities only became more expansive with advancing years. No public man of the day commanded more respect than

Lord Lyndhurst; no one certainly possessed more brilliant qualities. He invited me to hear his summing-up in the famous Begum Dyce-Sombre case. What an effort of memory that was! For three hours he went through the whole evidence without even referring to a note, — dates, localities, interviews, — all were remembered; it was a grand exertion. His annual review of the session in the House of Lords was always looked forward to with the deepest interest. I remember a curious incident. Dr. Paris told me of the influence of the imagination even on so powerful a mind. He always had a small vial of some kind of pick-me-up compounded by Dr. Paris in his waistcoat-pocket, to be ready in case of sudden faintness. On one of these occasions, at about the hour when the Lords met, Lord Lyndhurst drove up to the doctor’s in a state of great agitation, and said he had felt for the bottle as he entered the Lords, missed it, and he must make up another at once, for although he had never used it for years, he did not venture to commence without knowing it was in his pocket; he returned with his elixir, and made a magnificent oration. His was a grand old age, united alike with the old and young; but his dietary would not suit all palates or all purses, — *pâtés de foie gras* and curaçoa are not panaceas that are generally attainable, — but whatever the diet, it was well adapted to his grand nature. Happy days those were when we were invited to George Street (Hanover Square), and made welcome by this Nestor of hosts, the “old man eloquent,” and by a hostess who in herself possessed all those qualities which such a mind as his could appreciate, and which endeared her for herself, as well for the tie which united her to our affectionate friend and protector. How gladly we learned from him the tales of his early life and splendid successes! how he would hit off by word or action the nature of his colleagues! “I’ll show you what Peel is,” and button his coat up to his chin. “There is Peel, buttoned up with reserve.” Lord Lyndhurst quite realized Faber’s notion of a grand old age: —

Old age, what is it but a name
For wilder joys departed?
For we shall be forever young,
If we are loyal-hearted.

Lady Lyndhurst’s pleasant dinners and charming suppers we were always invited to. The great ladies mentioned in a former paper all welcomed us, and many

others not mentioned there crowned us with their sympathy and good wishes. We were never tired of hearing Mr. Townley, who with Lady Caroline added so much to the charm of society, speak of the days of the French Revolution when he was the frequent guest of Robespierre, whom he described as a very pleasant companion and admirable *raconteur*. Mr. Townley was in Paris during a part of the Reign of Terror, and was well known to the members of the Committee of Public Safety. When in a merry mood, Robespierre was in the habit of pulling him by the ears while he called him, "Ah, polisson! mauvais garçon!" This seems a peculiar habit of French rulers, for we read that Napoleon treated his favorite courtiers in the same caressing manner.

Lord Brougham was another of the *ultimi Romanorum* who welcomed the youth of the time with kindly greeting. Many a lesson of political life we learned from him. I recall that on one occasion he laid down as the principle of the first element of success the power of concentrating the mind on one subject. We had been talking of the French Revolution.

"Do you mean, Lord Brougham," I asked, "that if you had been sentenced to be guillotined at ten o'clock you would have forgotten it till the hour arrived?"

"If I were sentenced to be guillotined at ten o'clock I would not think of it until eight o'clock," he replied. "On the occasion of my speech on the queen's trial, when all my reputation depended upon it, I determined to banish it from my mind. I slept so sound the night before, I only awoke in the morning in time to go to the court."

A keen sense of the ridiculous he considered a proof of genius. He possessed an amusing sense of his own importance and his popular estimation. One day I went with him to dine at the Trafalgar, at Greenwich. We were a party of six; it was a picnic dinner, and we each of us paid our share. Lord Brougham called for writing materials and wrote a cheque. One of us suggested that if he had not any money we could lend it. "No, no," said Lord Brougham, "I have plenty of money; but, don't you see, the host may prefer my signature to the money." Lord Brougham's kind interest in us was not limited to London; it extended to his charming residence, Brougham Hall, which is admirably restored, and a perfect specimen of Gothic architecture. There are few places commanding such wide and beautiful prospects. The most favored

were invited to the Château Eleanor at Cannes, which place, now grown into a great city, owes its existence as a winter residence to Lord Brougham. At the time when he first settled at Cannes the town consisted of one street and one small house, hardly worthy of the name of a hotel, kept by a man called Pinchinot, whom Lord Brougham called Pinch'emhard. It was quite by accident that Lord Brougham ever purchased land and built at Cannes. He was on his road to Italy. When he arrived at the Italian frontier on the Var, he was told if he passed on to Nice he would have to perform quarantine on his return to France, the cholera being in Italy; so he returned to Cannes, and was compensated for the inconvenience of the delay by the beauty of the surrounding country. There was the wide, richly cultivated plain bounded on one side by the rippling waters of the dark-blue sea; on the land side by the long waving line of the blue Estérel, or by hills covered with the orange-tree, the vine, and olive; the ground carpeted with fragrant wild flowers; and the pine and the palm were not wanting for the perfection of scenes such as Claude loved to paint. Lord Brougham decided to make an immediate purchase of land, which the country people were only too anxious to dispose of. He bought several hundred acres, and built the Château Eleanor; and later Mr. Leader the Château Leader. To these were soon added Château St. George and a house built by Mr. Woolfield, the clergyman. At the present time, instead of four *châteaux*, may be seen forty or fifty monster hotels, three or four hundred villas, interminable boulevards, and endless streets. No more rides in olive and orange glades, no wanderings through pine forests and palm grove,

Qua pinus ingens albaque populus,

used to invite the wanderer to a charming retirement and peaceful repose; there are now hideous stuccoed houses or vulgar æsthetic villas, while the publican, dealer, and trader have supplanted the simple, kind Provençal.

Maga. You mentioned Mr. Leader, member for Westminster, was he the same Mr. Leader who played a not inconsiderable part in Parliament at one time?

A. Yes. Talking of parties in the House, I wonder I omitted him and Sir William Molesworth. He and Sir William Molesworth did form a party and used to give Parliamentary dinners, inviting the members in their joint names. What

were the exact tenets and opinions of their party (I think they numbered twenty or thirty) I am ignorant, but they were known by the general designation of "philosophical Radicals." You are aware that Molesworth was afterwards colonial secretary, and gained great credit in the post. Mr. Leader subsequently sold the Château Leader and settled in Florence.

Maga. Is he still there?

A. Yes; he resides there at the present time. He has made extensive purchases of land round Florence, especially at Fiesole, where a remarkable Castle Vincigliata has been rebuilt by him, representing precisely the old one which was nearly destroyed during the wars of the republic. He made a good exchange from the benches of the House of Commons to the City of the Lily, seated in all her beauty by the Arno.

Maga. This brings me back to Young England, from which we have wandered.

A. True, the memory is very discursive. Lord Brougham recalled the Riviera, the Riviera suggested Leader, Leader Florence; but I return to Young England, who may be said to have come to light at Cambridge. The Union of Cambridge was the vestibule of St. Stephen's. Young England brought to the House of Commons the fervid declamation which was the characteristic of undergraduate oratory, and which used to call forth the cheers of the Pitt and Canning Clubs. The young party started with one great advantage: they believed in themselves and in the power of sympathy. For them youth was rich in possibilities. Mr. Disraeli writes, "I do not say that youth is genius, only it is divine." The history of heroes is the history of youth. The age thirty-seven is the old age of intellect. Byron died at thirty-seven; Raphael, Richelieu, died at that age. Was not Mr. Pitt prime minister at twenty-three?—Lord Henry Petty, chancellor of the exchequer at twenty-one? Did not Napoleon, a sub-lieutenant, without any influence to aid him, command the armies of Italy at twenty-seven? Was he not first consul at thirty-one; emperor at thirty-three; had kings for his sentinels when he was thirty-five? All his marshals, Kleber, Massena, Jourdan, Hoche, were under thirty. Don John of Austria fought Lepanto at twenty-four. Thus, to Young England all life lay mapped out before them. It was not, like Columbus, the Old World seeking the New; it was the New World of ideas starting forth to influence, if not to renew, the Old.

All the Young Englanders were in some degree poetic. A few of them were poets, and wrote very graceful verses. Among them Monckton Milnes was most known and admired. Some of his poems will live as long as the English language. The "Brookside" and "They seemed to those who saw them meet" are dear to many a sympathizing heart. Mr. Beresford Hope is not so well known, but he wrote lines well worthy of record.

But our great master of epigram and impromptu verse was one not exactly a member of Young England, but who always gave them his support, and was beloved by men of all parties and opinions. Augustus Stafford—the very name recalls all that is genial, kind, and true—at college or after college, in the House of Commons or in the lobby, he was a universal favorite. I think he was the author of the lines on the master of Trinity—Whewell, whom they were irreverently wont to call Billy Whistle. The master of Trinity had published the profoundest works on the deepest and most abstruse subjects; one of these was the "Plurality of Worlds." One morning he received the following:—

Through the realm of invention wherever you travel,
And the secrets of worlds and of nature unravel,
You will find when you've mastered the works of infinity,
The greatest of all is the Master of Trinity.

The master of Trinity had a very exalted opinion of his own importance, because the master's residence had been once a palace. He considered himself entitled to royal observances, and undergraduates were not permitted to sit in his presence. I have heard that some amusing incidents occurred when the queen visited Cambridge and resided at the master's house.

The queen's visit I allude to was on the occasion of Prince Albert's installation as chancellor of the university, to that collegiate throne where—

Villiers' grace of old, and Cecil's grandeur shone—

when the famous contest took place between the prince and the Earl of Powis. It was at the time when Lord Powis had been the defender of the Welsh bishoprics, and Prince Albert had just invented a new infantry uniform hat, which had not obtained the approbation of the army. This was too tempting an opportunity for Augustus Stafford, and the following verses were widely circulated:—

Earl Powis on this side, Prince Albert on that,

We cannot tell which we should fight for;
Shall we vote for the man who invented the
hat,

Or the man who defended the mitre?

Then why, oh collegiate dons, do you run

Into all this Senate-house bother?

Can it be that the lad who invented the one

Has a share in dispensing the other?*

Much-loved Augustus Stafford, that frank, cordial, friendly nature, so sadly and harshly treated by those who should have judged all his acts in a more generous manner! Yes, he was somewhat vain, proud of his talents — and why not? Why should a woman not appreciate her beauty, and a man his intellectual superiority? Men of heart like to see the feelings of success and the glory of the triumph lightening the brow and brightening the eye, and one should sympathize with the language of Rahel to Ranke on the death of Gentz: "Therefore you cannot know how I for that very reason loved my lost friend when he said that he was so happy to feel his superiority to many others, and this with a little laugh of triumph. Wise enough to be silent is every transient distorted mind; but give me the self-betraying soul, the childlike simplicity of heart to speak it out."

Maga. All your college set were not given to politics, but I suppose you associated with men of all opinions and of all pursuits?

A. There was a great deal of 'sympathetic sentiment at this date among the undergraduates. For instance, when the Earl of Dundonald (better known as Lord Cochrane, the hero of Basque Roads) paid a visit to Cambridge, he dined in the Hall of Trinity College, and when he entered the hall all the fellows and students stood up. This was remarkable; for the glorious exploit of Basque Roads occurred in 1809, but it still interested the rising gen-

* Although it has no connection with this period, I am tempted, while quoting graceful verse, to recall two stanzas by Cowper, written on the occasion of the fire at Lord Mansfield's, when all the library of Lord Chief Justice Murray was entirely destroyed: —

"And Murray sighs o'er Pope, and Swift,
And many a treasure more,
The well-judged purchase, and the gift,
That graced his lettered store.

Their pages mangled, burnt, and torn,
The loss was his alone;
But ages yet to come shall mourn
The burning of his own."

Mr. Pitt used to say that letters of Murray or Peterborough were those which he would rather possess than any other originals. The few specimens we have of Murray's compositions justify the high appreciation of Mr. Pitt.

eration. Lord Cochrane's was quite a reputation to win the sympathy of the young and daring. Napoleon called him "le Loup des Mers," and always expressed astonishment at the treatment the great captain received. I remember Lord Dundonald saying, in no boasting spirit, for he was simplicity itself, "that he never knew what fear was." A near relative of the great Marquis of Anglesey told me that the marquis always made the same remark.

We were very cosmopolitan in our college life; wine-parties, riding-parties, reading-parties, we took part in all, and pleasant they all were. Many an early ride to Newmarket, not for racing but for breakfast, and boating excursions to Ely. We were never tired of visiting the cathedral, one of the most beautiful and oldest ecclesiastical churches in the land.

I do not intend to afflict you with a series of undergraduate reminiscences; but there occurred an incident indirectly associated with the Bishop of Ely which suggests an amusing and original mode of raising money. There was a rather popular, extravagant young fellow, well known and well liked in all sets, whose popularity led him frequently into financial crises. He was the nephew of Mr. Mortlock, the great Cambridge banker, and also of the Bishop of Ely. The relatives did all they could — paid and paid until they would pay no more, and at last desired him to take his name off the boards. This he refused to do, but adopted an unusual expedient to have his debts paid. He hired an apple-stall and a small tent, placed them exactly opposite Mr. Mortlock's bank, with the inscription in large letters on the stall, "Fruit-stall kept by Mr. Mortlock, nephew of Messrs. Mortlock, bankers, and of the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Ely. No change given." He passed the day seated in the tent in a magnificent, velvet-lined cloak, books on the table; beside him there was a plate to receive donations, which poured in — sovereigns and half-sovereigns abounded. As there was room for two in the tent, friends took it by turns to sit with him. Mr. Mortlock, the banker, could not move out or even appear at the windows without seeing a crowd, whose sympathies were all with the stall-keeper, and who enjoyed the joke immensely. The result was inevitable. He had to be bought off. However, he did not remain at college; the authorities found an early excuse to get rid of him.

Maga. I dare say you could fill a vol-

ume with anecdotes of college life ; but I feel more interest in the conduct of Young England in the House of Commons. Where did you sit? For there are no cross-benches in the Commons as in the Lords, where it is understood peers have places assigned for what Lord Rosebery called "cross-bench minds."

A. No; but sitting below the gangway, it is understood you are open to convictions, and are not out-and-out ministerialist. The Young Englanders were not supposed to adopt a factious line; they simply expressed in bright and vigorous language fresh political views, which they hoped to see adopted by the government, so they sat on the bench exactly behind the ministerial or leader of the opposition. It was not without anxiety Sir Robert Peel heard the voices of the new party, who clearly intended to be independent of the Tapers and Tadpoles of the government, and would not at word of command cheer his glowing utterances. They were the more important because the *Times*, as represented by Mr. Walter, adopted them, and honored their speeches with leading articles and panegyrics. The fact is, Sir Robert Peel was not popular in the House, and not even with the nation, for whom he made the greatest sacrifice, even that of consistency. When he arrived from Rome in 1835, he was at the zenith of his popularity and fame; it was something to have a whole nation hanging in suspense on the movements of one man, while the Duke of Wellington really filled *ad interim* every office in the State. It was then Sir Robert had that remarkable reception at Glasgow, when he was installed as lord rector of the university, and made two speeches, one as lord rector, and the other in reply to his health at the banquet, which have never been equalled, certainly never surpassed, by any succeeding lord rector. But if his speech was frank, free, and open, his manner was not so, and the result was that the great divisions in the lobbies

Knit votes which served with hearts abhorring Peel.

And all this arose from his shyness, for he was a kind friend, a true and honorable man, of whom Mr. Raikes Currie (in one of those admirable speeches frequently delivered at the dinner-hour, which have therefore won no applause, either within or without the walls of the House) so greatly and nobly expressed himself, when he said, turning to Sir Robert, "He who would enter on a great political career

must bring to its study qualities to which I have no pretension, — industry, philosophy, deep thought, perfect habits of business, unremitting self-denial. When my name shall be forgotten, or remembered only as a household word beloved by my children or descendants, you, sir, will be remembered, for you belong to history; you will ever be spoken of as the statesman of unsurpassed ability, as the consummate orator, the unrivalled debator, as one who achieved successes in a field of intense competition. Will you not demand something more, standing as you do on the summit of fame, with, as I may say, all nations and languages at your feet, — will you not use your power, like the prophet of old, to bless and not to curse the people?"

A similar appeal was made to Sir Robert Peel as to the use of his great power, in the following verses: —

Oh thou to whose plebeian brow
The noblest lords are forced to bow,
And e'en thy sovereign must avow,
Thy plenitude of power;
So high indeed thy name doth rise,
That men who love thee not nor prize,
Can with thy feelings sympathize
In this triumphant hour.

When high-born fools who would think it
shame

To bear thy father's honest name,
Now humbly beg to share the fame
And trophies of the war;
When 'neath the spur hot Stanley frets,
And, thankful for the post he gets,
The last of the Plantagenets
Walks fettered to thy car.

Oh! if thou couldst but understand,
How great to rule the noblest land
That mortal eye has ever scanned
Since time its course began;
Thou wouldst not stoop their aid to ask,
But doff the actor's hollow mask,
Rise equal to the mighty task,
Proclaim yourself a man.

Then thou wilt only place retain
To rid our commerce of its chain,
The bigot's folly to restrain,
And give the poor man bread;
And then perchance, content and free,
The people will thy guardians be,
And in their gratitude decree
A laurel for thy head

But if with low and factious aim,
Thou playest the landlord's degenerate game,
No power on earth shall shield thy fame
From Britain's darkest frown.
No craft nor speech nor haughty pride
Shall turn the vengeful shaft aside,
The curse of talent misapplied
Alone shall drag thee down.

And thou wilt leave to after-times
Dark records of blood and crimes,
And bards will tell in future rhymes,

Of one who, raised by fate
From out the people's ranks to be
The lord of England's sovereignty,
Fell far below his destiny,
And did not dare be great.

The orator and the poet were satisfied when in 1846 Sir Robert Peel proposed the repeal of the Corn Laws. It is needless to say what a blow this was to all his party. The consequence of this sudden change of policy extended far beyond the measure itself, for it was the commencement of the sad loss of confidence in public men. It was not, however, until six months afterwards that the division on the Irish Coercion Bill hurled the great minister from power. However much he was convinced of his own integrity of purpose, it cannot have been without deep emotion that on this memorable evening he saw the great country party pass into the opposition lobby. It was well said at the time that those who voted against him on that occasion "were men of honor, breeding, and refinement, of great weight and station in the country." They had been not only his followers but his friends, had joined in the same pastimes, drunk from the same cup, and in the pleasantness of private life had often forgotten together the cares and strife of politics. He must have felt the bitterness of fate, while the Mannors, the Lowthers, the Bentincks, the Somersets, passed before him. Yes; these were the country gentlemen, the gentlemen of England, with whose cheers, but five years before, the very same building had been ringing whenever he rose; they were proud at having him for their leader. So they marched out, all the men of high character, and large-acred squires, whose spirit he had so often quickened, and whose council he had so often solicited in his eloquent speeches.

This occasion was the first difference of opinion in the Young England party. To some it seemed more desirable rather to continue to support a Conservative ministry, than to turn out Sir Robert Peel and let in the Whigs for the sake of a great principle, more especially when he could only be put into a minority by voting with the opposition. It was a very difficult position for young politicians to be placed in, the more so as not a few had very recently been speaking at agricultural meetings, and advocated the principle of protection in magniloquent periods. Many of the boroughs at that time embraced

large contiguous country districts — indeed, in not rare instances, the agricultural element predominated; but up to the last moment there was perfect confidence in the staunchness of Sir Robert to protection, and the voters had been gladdened with eloquent descriptions of golden crops and remunerative harvests, "of the bold peasantry, the country's pride." Nothing had been wanting to complete the picture of agricultural prosperity; now these visions had melted into air, and hereafter England was to depend on other countries for her food supplies. Those of our party who cared for men more than measures, resolved to consult the great man himself. Interviews with prime ministers are always solemn events, and it was not without nervousness that we went to Whitehall Gardens. But if we were nervous, Sir Robert Peel was much more so. No schoolboy could be more anxious than the great minister. While with one hand he fidgeted with his watch-chain and seals, with the other he played with papers which were lying on the table. Still, when once he began to explain the position, no words could be heartier, no expression of feeling nobler. He said his brother, Colonel Peel, found himself in the same difficulty. When Sir Robert was told that in some instances it was impossible conscientiously to retain the seat without re-election, he made tempting offers to vacate on taking office, which were invariably declined. One of the elections consequent on these events was remarkable. The rival candidates were exactly equal the whole day. The poll was published every hour after eight o'clock, and on each occasion it was a tie. The poll should have closed at four o'clock, but at a quarter to four an excited mob made an attack on the polling-booth. It was carried away, together with the returning officers and poll-clerks, the Liberal candidate, as it was supposed, being in a majority of one. The return was to be declared at the town-hall, whither the Conservative candidate went to protest against the return as illegal, the poll not having been kept open until four. As he commenced a very energetic protestation, the returning officer beckoned him to draw near, and whispered, "It is a mistake, you have a majority of one." As he spoke the band was heard approaching, playing "See the Conquering Hero comes!" They were chairing the supposed successful candidate. When the triumphal procession reached the town-hall, they were told of the mistake, when (as was commonly reported) the occupant

of the chair descended from his rickety and most uncomfortable elevation, for the bearers were in very high spirits, and the Conservative, then member, took his place. Again "See the Conquering Hero" was played by the same band, the same mob of thirsty souls cheered, and the same amount of beer flowed, although from a different source. Alas! the result of all this was the break up of the great country party, and, what was more, the loss of confidence in the consistency of public men.

It was very remarkable that a statesman who had seen and lived so much in all societies, and with so great self-command in public, was so shy in private life. I remember on one occasion going rather early to dinner—a large Parliamentary dinner—in Whitehall Gardens, and meeting a member who was leaving. "I must be very late," I said to him.

"No; you are early," he replied; "but I am sure there is a mistake in the day. I must have been invited for next Saturday, for I have been in the picture-gallery with Sir Robert for a quarter of an hour, and he has never spoken a word to me."

This was a new member, and not acquainted with Sir Robert's manner. I advised him to return. He did so, and was warmly greeted by Sir Robert, who gained confidence with the increase in the number of his guests.

Sir Robert was not less remarkable for his physical than for his mental power. He was an excellent shot and a good walker. I have heard one who was learned in all manner of sports say he had met few better walkers and better shots; but both as a walker and a shot, he never met any one to equal Sir Robert.

He dined frequently at the House of Commons. The catering was at that time in the hands of Bellamy. There was a great difference between the dinner arrangements at that time and the present. Then, members dined in the kitchen, and the dinner was cooked before them. There was little besides beef-steaks and mutton-chops; but they were grilled at a roaring fire, and never were mutton-chops better served. Now, there is an elaborate *menu* of *entrées* and joints; but the change is not for the better, and the old members regret the simple *cuisine* of forty years since. What would they have thought of the new innovation of ladies dining within the sacred precincts? Never was change greater than this, except in the smoking arrangements. Formerly, the only place for smoking was Gossett's room. Captain Gossett was sergeant-at-arms, and no one

more popular ever filled the post. He was given two rooms, and one of these he invited his friends to smoke in. There were the pleasant reunions. Within these walls no party feeling entered; it was "*lasciate ogni asperitate voi ch'entrate.*" Each of the invited brought his own cigars and whiskey—that is, all who frequently enjoyed this society used to send a present of whiskey, and there was no light consumption of the old Glenlivet and poteen. On one occasion Mr. Gladstone was asked what he imagined was the consumption during the session. He put it at three hundred and fifty bottles, and he was right within half-a-dozen. I very much question whether the new smoking-rooms ever will see such a genial society as the small retreat where the walls were covered with the photographs of the visitors, and where the pleasant talk until "Who goes home?" was heard, was only interrupted by the division bell.

Few deaths ever produced such a sense of loss to the nation as the death of Sir Robert Peel, which occurred in 1850 in consequence of a fall from his horse, on Constitution Hill. The people seemed stunned. Right or wrong in his politics, he had occupied a large place in the national mind. It was hard to realize the loss of that great intellect. It was a mournful day in the House of Commons when Mr. Gladstone rose to move the adjournment of the House; there were tears in the eyes of all present. "Now," said the great orator:—

Is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light all quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silver note is still,
The warder silent on the hill.

And then in thrilling voice and in noble language the speaker expressed in no exaggerated terms the deep loss the nation had sustained. There is no assembly more sympathetic than the House of Commons, or more generous in its instincts. It is easy to talk of the deterioration of the House. I believe that there is very little deterioration, and that it still remains the first assemblage of gentlemen in Europe. This was an occasion to which Mr. Gladstone was equal, for it appealed to all the deepest feelings of our nature. Had Mr. Gladstone been a great prelate, his funeral orations would have rivalled Bossuet's. Mr. Gladstone's great power arises from the intensity of his conviction. It is of no moment to him that the opinion of Tuesday may not be the opinion of Monday; but whatever his opinion at the time,

he is thoroughly convinced that it is right. To attack him, then, on the ground of inconsistency is idle; he will reply that he is the one consistent man that —

Nel mondo mutabile e leggiero
Costanza e spesso il variar pensiero.

It was well said by some one, "When Mr. Gladstone brings forward a question it is with a majestic authority, as if he came down from the mountain with the Ten Commandments in his despatch-box for private reference." I have always felt that if Mr. Gladstone, from his place in the House, chose to accuse me of any crime, not only would he at once persuade the House that I had committed it, but would persuade even myself that I had done it.

Mr. Gladstone's sympathetic utterance on the death of Sir Robert Peel reminds me that two years later his great rival moved the funeral honors of the Duke of Wellington. The highest expectations were aroused; never was such a grand occasion — more favorable for a noble orator than the death of Sir Robert Peel — for in the case of the great duke there could be but one unanimous sentiment. If I remember right, there was a national mourning. Over the untimely grave of the eminent statesman, passions were hushed for a time; but party animosity only slumbered, for there were many who loved him not and deplored him not. The great captain's death was felt throughout the length and breadth, not alone of Great Britain, but of the civilized world. Well was it written at the time, "It is the last stone torn from the ancient foundations of the European monarchies, and the present generation, leaning breathless over the dark gulf of the future, and listening to its fall in the unfathomable deep." The great minister, the powerful orator, addressed the House of Commons on this memorable occasion. Strange to say, he fell far short of the hopes and wishes of all the expectant hearers. It was very remarkable, and more remarkable that he who possessed in their fulness "the thoughts that breathe and words that burn," should ever have adopted the words which had been spoken over the grave of the marshal Gouvion de Saint Cyr. "Doubtless," said Mr. Disraeli, "to think with vigor, with clearness, and with depth in the recess of the Cabinet, is a fine intellectual demonstration; but to think with equal vigor, clearness, and depth among bullets, appears the loftiest exercise and the most complete triumph of the human faculties."

These were pretty near the words in the funeral oration of the *maréchal*, in which the expression, "*le silence de son cabinet*" was curiously translated by Mr. Disraeli "in the recess of the Cabinet;" and if I remember right, it was this which attracted attention. Had Mr. Disraeli taken the trouble, he could have spoken imperishable words on that occasion. Only two years had passed since the invasion of the Houses of Parliament by Feargus O'Connor and his Chartist hordes had been averted by the genius and determination of the great captain. When the queen went to Osborne, and the duke accepted the command of all the forces, it was understood that he was to possess undivided responsibility and authority. It was truly a momentous day when in the very early dawn a large force was concentrated in the metropolis, and yet not a soldier to be seen the whole day; not a carriage was seen in the streets, which were only patrolled by special constables. At four o'clock, when the House was sitting, Feargus O'Connor asked permission for the Chartist delegates from the mass on the other side of Westminster Bridge to introduce the monster petition. The answer was, that the petition of the people would, of course, be received by the House, but no deputation. Then Feargus O'Connor's heart sank. On the Vauxhall side of the bridge, there were the tens of thousands he had collected from all parts in the hope of the plunder of the metropolis; but O'Connor well knew that although no soldier was seen, they occupied every house in the vicinity; that the great duke had said, if one of his soldiers was struck with a stone, or a man put his foot on the bridge, the leaders of the movement and their followers must take the consequences of their deeds. The cannon knew no distinction of persons, so Feargus O'Connor took the most prudent course, and with great difficulty induced his forces to disperse, and so ended the eventful revolution of 1848.

Some of the Chartist songs, though very profane, possessed a good deal of vigor. I remember the first stanza of one which was popular with this socialist party: —

Crucified, crucified every morn,
Beaten with stripes and crowned with thorn;
Spurned and spat on, and drenched with
gall —
Brothers, how long will ye bear this thrall?
Mary of Magdalene, Peter, and John,
Answer the question and pass it on.

In Mr. Disraeli's graceful dedication of

"Coningsby" to Mr. Henry Hope, he mentions that it was composed amid "the glades and galleries of Deepdene," where the party of Young England were ever warmly welcomed, and never was a spot where the youthful imagination could find a more genial home. It possessed all the charm that woodland and undulating ground and abundant flowers could bestow without; and within, every grace that the most cultivated taste and refinement could lavish upon it. An Italian style of building, which, if not precisely adapted to the climate, harmonized with the landscape. Happy days were passed there by the youthful party, who added, spite of the warning of Rasselas, to their present enjoyment the fond hopes of the future. There were many visitors to Deepdene, most of whom sympathized with the ambitions and aspirations of youth. One dear kind friend arrived there, with whom a pleasant incident is associated. General Sir Willoughby Cotton had returned from an important Indian command. He was a very grand, dignified officer, warm-hearted, irascible, and was ready to resent any slight absence of due consideration. So much so, that the first day after his return, when the members of the Carlton pressed round to congratulate him on his arrival, among them was Mr. Quintin Dick, who slapped the general on the back, and said, "How are you, Willoughby?"

The general started, stared at him, and replied, "Pretty well, Mr. Richard."

"Richard! why, you have forgotten, I am Dick!"

"Yes, sir; but although you are familiar enough to call me Willoughby, I am not familiar enough to call you Dick!"

Mr. Henry Hope had been presented with two little bears, which were during the day tied to separate trees by long chains. These bears were constant objects of curiosity, and it was observed that the sure sign of their being out of temper was when they licked their paws. One morning they were evidently in a very bad humor, and we were all looking at them, when the general said, "Not any of you young fellows dare to unchain one of the bears."

"Why, you are a great officer and you won't do it," was the reply.

"You mean I dare not?" said Sir Willoughby, very indignantly.

"No!" we exclaimed.

He took a short stick out of one of our hands, and went to the bear. The little brute licked his paws more and more as

the general began to unwind the chain, while we chuckled with delight. No sooner was the chain unwound than the bear clasped the general's portly form in his arms. In vain he struck him on the head with his stick. All his breath was crushed out of him. We all rushed to the rescue. Every one belabored the little animal, and at last he left hold of the general, who sank panting to the ground. We could not seize the chain, and off went the bear, through the flower-beds, to the house, scattering a group of ladies who were sitting on the terrace. The bear dashed through the hall door, dragging his chain after him, down the wide gallery, and straight into a china-closet, with glass doors, which stood at the end of it. Then came crash! crash!! crash!!! All the establishment rushed to the rescue, and at last the bear was secured; but not until the closet had become the scene of dire disaster. It may be supposed that after this the bears were never tied to the trees, but were kept in durance vile. This may seem a somewhat unimportant incident to record, but it was a very amusing scene. How pleasant it was after the long weary hours of the House of Commons to find ourselves in such a cheerful house, where host and hostess only cared for the happiness of their guests! I remember Mr. Disraeli always posted down from London. He considered there was no enjoyment equal to travelling in a comfortable carriage with a pair of good poststers. How much was the charm of the travel enhanced, when it was to enjoy a period of repose in a house which possessed what a poet wrote every house should possess, the three L's — light, life, and love!

It was on such occasions that Mr. Disraeli would tell us the tale of his early life, which really was the life of Vivian Grey. The *Quarterly Review* said: —

No one can forget his first impressions on reading "Vivian Grey," and it may well be understood that those who enjoyed the privilege of listening to his tale of the dawn of that ambitious, grand, and crowded life, can never forget it. Like Napoleon, he achieved eminence, not only without any extraneous aid, but in spite of every disadvantage. He again, like Napoleon, had faith in himself. It is easy to preach the doctrine of humility; but more careers are sacrificed by men under-rating than over-rating themselves. He possessed the admirable quality of rising after failure — defeat never crushed him. Like the fabled oak, he was strengthened by every blow.

It is well known that his failure on the occasion of his first speech in the House

in no way daunted him, and yet the failure would have broken most men. Henry Bulwer, afterwards Lord Dalling, told me that he drove with Disraeli from Gore House after this disappointment, and that he was in a most dejected state. Sheil said it was not a break down, it was a crash down. A very short time elapsed before he addressed the House again, and sat down amid cheers from all sides. It was told of him — he never told it himself — during his boyhood that he was asked by Lord Melbourne: "Well, what do you intend to be?" and his ready reply was, "Prime minister." These parties at the Deepdene succeeded his marriage, when he returned from a long Continental tour, during which he was received with distinction in every court and every society. By every account, in Paris he was the observed of all, — the representatives of all parties and opinions paid homage to his intellect. He was on the most friendly terms with the king, with whom he was frequently closeted. Lord Brougham, who was at Paris at the same time, found himself eclipsed, and saw Disraeli's success with ill-concealed annoyance.

Another country house where Young England were received with open arms was Mr. Walter's, at Bearwood. Mr. Walter possessed the majority of shares in the *Times*, and could therefore control its politics. Most of the papers, even the opposition, were favorable to young men who at least possessed earnestness and honorable ambition; but the *Times* and *Morning Post* took them under their special protection. The latter paper had not at that date hoisted what the *Times* called "the red flag of the Foreign Office on the bare poles of Protection;" it was the recognized organ of the upper circles of society, and was conducted with remarkable ability by Mr. Borthwick, a prominent member of the Young England party. His son, Sir Algernon Borthwick, has not only maintained the high reputation of the journal, but, under his admirable management, it is second to none in its widely extended influence and its high standard of merit. Many pleasant reunions we had in the sanctum of the *Morning Post*, when the questions of the day were discussed, with frequently very impracticable results. At the *Times* office we were given a small room, where we had all the advantage of early information and competent advisers. It was, however, at Bearwood, Mr. Walter's country seat, that we enjoyed the benefit of his sagacity and wide experience. A spirit of kindness and peace per-

vaded the whole place; an extensive park invited to long strolls with our host, from whom we learnt much of interest connected with the topics of the day. At Bearwood there is a large sheet of water, which was the scene of a deeply affecting incident. Mr. Walter's grandson was a most graceful thinker and writer. He had been on a voyage round the world, and rejoined his family two days before Christmas, and he lost his life in a most noble effort to save the lives of others who had fallen in, and were struggling amongst the broken ice. It was a noble self-sacrifice. But what was most remarkable, he had but recently been translating some German poems, in which were lines of solemn beauty, strangely prophetic —

When most the chill of death I dread,
Chill like the sharp and bitter cold,
Ere dawns in heaven the morning red.

No family in the country have ever been more highly considered and more universally popular than Mr. Walter's. It was a sad blow when Mr. Walter, the friend of Young England, was unseated on petition. The committee had sat for I think five or six weeks. At that time election petitions were tried by committees of the House; and so little confidence was there in the impartiality of our statesmen, that it was customary to select an equal number from each side and a chairman. It was felt that, except in cases where difference of opinions are quite impossible, the ultimate decision must rest with the chairman, who again rarely voted against his party; so, in general, when the chairman was known, the result of the petition was pretty certain. Mr. Walter's case was very remarkable; for after the many weary days, no evidence of bribery and corruption worth anything in the opinion of the committee had been brought forward, and there was a general feeling that the petition would be declared "frivolous and vexatious." It was Mr. Walter's own counsel who subsequently, from not having attended throughout the proceedings, suggested the weak points which the committee had overlooked, and which afforded a justification for half the committee to vote that the "preamble was proved," when the chairman gave the casting vote, which confirmed this view, so Mr. Walter was unseated.

Since the days of Coningsby there has not been so large a number of young men returned to Parliament as there is in the present, and in respect of age it might almost be called a Younger England.

Those members of Young England who have passed away, or the few survivors, are many of them represented by the new generation. These may now apply to themselves the eloquent conclusion of "Coningsby":—

They stand on the threshold of public life. What will be their fate? Will they maintain in august assemblies and high places the great truths which they have embraced; or will their courage exhaust itself in the struggle, their generous impulses yield to the tawdry temptations of a low ambition; or will they remain brave and true, refuse to bow before shadows and worship phrases; sensible of the greatness of their position, recognize the greatness of their duties, denounce to a perplexed and disheartened world the frigid theories of a generalizing age? Will they believe in their own energies, and dare to be great?

Maga. I wish I had confidence enough to be able to say yes. But without being a *laudator temporis acti*, I feel more pleasure in your political recollections than a contemporary survey is calculated to afford. I hope you have still more reminiscences to relate of this period. I assure you they have excited a remarkable interest.

A. When you next visit me after a month or two, I shall be glad to allow you to make some more drafts on my memory. But the clash of political warfare once more resounds, and the memories of the past must give place for a time to the actualities of the present.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
LORD LAMINGTON.

It is again our sad office to make such hasty memorial as time permits of one of the old friends and valued contributors, whose faithful support, when once enlisted in her band, has always been the pride of *Maga*. Lord Lamington, better remembered as Mr. Baillie Cochrane—one of the best-known figures in the brilliant and picturesque party; the chivalrous young enthusiasts who were known as "Young England" some fifty years ago—has at the close of a long and honorable career been taken away in the very act, so to speak, of making those graphic sketches of its earlier surroundings, the third of which opens this number; and it is a touching coincidence that it should appear within the very covers which enclose these our last words of recollection and farewell. Few living knew better the society—so different in many respects from that with

which we are familiar—or could speak with more authority of either the "dandies" or the statesmen of a time which, though still so near—scarcely as yet passed into the historic region—is so essentially changed.

Mr. Baillie Cochrane had one of those discursive minds and independent characters which it is difficult to break into the steady jog-trot of party work; but he was never a man to be overlooked, and his cultured intelligence and knowledge of foreign life gave him considerable influence in the discussions affecting European evolutions, in which, frequently, he did not take the popular side. Such a man—always more or less a spectator, although often a vigorous actor in public life—has frequently better opportunities of seeing the game than those who are completely involved in it, and his memory was richly furnished with all the most important incidents and personages of the last half-century. It is always a drawback to such reminiscences when written, that the author is obliged perforce to leave out himself—in this case a large and imposing figure, counting for a great deal in the ever-shifting and brilliant crowd.

Had there not been so many other scenes in which he was known and prominent, Lord Lamington's appearances in literature would no doubt have attracted greater notice. He was the author of a novel and of some essays in poetry which secured considerable attention; and we have ourselves had the advantage of a number of able historical and political sketches from his pen. Our readers will remember among these the careful study of "Elizabeth de Valois," as well as various slighter efforts. The interest and distinction of the last work from his pen—"In the Days of the Dandies"—so full of intimate knowledge of men and events, and reproducing, with so much animation and power, the atmosphere and peculiarities of an epoch which is concluded, have received universal acknowledgment; no doubt gratifying to him—anonymous as they were—in his last days; as well as very pleasing to ourselves, whose pages he had chosen as the medium of their publication.

Another man of note and ripe experience has thus passed away from among us, as the greater part of his generation has already passed away. The country is poorer in the cessation on earth of every such manly voice and cultivated intelligence; but the memory of her worthy sons is in itself an inheritance which cannot pass away.

From The National Review.

A DIALOGUE WITH A MUMMY.*

BY GIACOMO LEOPARDI.

Chorus of Mummies in the Laboratory of Frederick Ruysch.†

O Death! alone immortal, unto whom
Every created thing must come, in thee
Our disembodied natures now repose;
Joyless, indeed, but, at the least, secure
From all the woes of life. Profoundest night
Obscures our torpid and bewildered sense;
All hope and all desire in us are dead;
But so alike is every grief and fear;
While the void æons, gliding slowly by,
Have neither tedium nor charm for us.
We once did live; but now the memory
Of life is pale within us, faint and blurred
As a child's waking image of some dream,
Or terrifying phantom of the night.
What were we — what was that unjoyful state
Which, living, we called life — ay, what?
It looms upon our apprehension now,
Like some dim problem of mysterious scope,
Even as Death unto the living looms;
And even as man's puny senses shrink
From death while yet he lives, just even so
Our disembodied spirits now recoil
From the bare thought of life's brief fevered
course;
Joyless, indeed, but now at last assured
Joy is denied alike to quick and dead.

Ruysch (outside his laboratory, peering through the chinks of the door). Zounds!
Who has taught music to these long-dead mummies, that they carol thus in the middle of the night, like so many cocks? By my faith, I am e'en in a cold sweat, and am within an ace of being more dead than they are. I little thought I had preserved them from corruption only that they might thus revive, and chill my blood. For all my vaunted philosophy, I quake from head to foot. Curse the foul fiend who ever tempted me to keep such horrors in my house! In sooth, I know not what to do. If I leave them shut up here, how know I but they may burst the door, or issue through the key-hole, and stalk to my bedside. As for calling for help for fear of dead corpses, I may not think of it. Come, let me pluck up courage, and try if I can frighten them.

(He enters the laboratory.)

How now, my sons! what merry jest is this? Pray bear in mind that you are

dead. What means this precious caterwauling? Are ye puffed up because his Majesty the czar did come to look at you? * and think ye that ye are no longer to conform to nature's laws? Sure, 'twas but a jest. Nay, if you have really come to life again, I congratulate you from my heart; only, in that case, I must frankly tell you we must part; for though I could afford to keep you so long as you remained dead, I am not rich enough to feed you as live men; so you will have to pack. If, indeed, there be such things as vampires, and if you be of that sort, you may e'en go and suck somebody else's blood, for, sure, I am not minded to let ye suck mine; though I was willing enough to fill your veins with yonder artificial substitute you wot of.† In one word, then, if ye be content to lie still and hold your peace, as heretofore, we'll still be friends, and ye shall lack for nothing reasonable in my poor house; if not, I tell you plain I'll take this door bolt, and pound you into worse than mummies.

Mummy (speaks). Be not enraged. I vow to you we are all stone dead, without your pounding us.

Ruysch. Well, then, explain this whim which even now possessed ye, to break out into song?

Mummy. Even now, when midnight tolled, it marked the first of those grand algebraic cycles whereof the ancients wrote; when, for the first time since the universe began, 'tis given to the dead to speak — and not to us alone, but to all the dead — to all, wherever they may lie; in every tomb, deep in the bottom of the sea, beneath the snows of the pole, or the sands of Sahara; whether stretched beneath the open sky, or buried in the bosom of the earth — all, all the dead this midnight chanted with us the hymn you heard but now.

Ruysch. Ay, truly! But, say, how long will they continue thus to sing or speak?

Mummy. Their hymn is ended. Now 'tis their privilege to speak for one sole quarter of a mortal hour. Then must they return to silence, till the next of these vast cycles shall return.

Ruysch. If this be so, I trow ye'll not disturb my rest a second time; meanwhile, enjoy your short-lived chat, while I stand here aside and listen to you. Fain would I hear your talk; I'll not disturb ye.

* This translation, by Major-General Maxwell, is authorized by the Società Successori le Monnier of Florence, publishers and sole proprietors of the original edition of the works of Leopardi.

† Frederick Ruysch, celebrated professor of anatomy at Amsterdam in the seventeenth century; famous, *inter alia*, for his collection of anatomical preparations, comprising certain entire cadavers, preserved on a system of his own invention and commonly called Ruysch's mummies.

* The Ruysch mummies were visited by the czar, Peter the Great, and were eventually purchased by him.

† It was supposed that Ruysch preserved his cadavers by the injection of certain liquids, invented by himself.

Mummy. 'Tis not permitted unto us to speak, save only in reply to queries from a living man. The uninterrogated dead, when once he has sung yon hymn, is dumb.

Ruysch. I deeply grieve to hear it; for methinks it had been passing curious to hear your colloquy, an ye had license for it.

Mummy. Even had it been so, 'tis little you'd have gleaned; for, know, we have *nought* to speak of.

Ruysch. Ay, but a thousand questions crowd upon my brain concerning mysteries which I would learn of you. The time allotted you for speech is short; come tell me — tell me, in a word, what your sensation was in the dread point of death. How felt you then?

Mummy. I had no feeling.

The Other Mummies. Nor we.

Ruysch. How, mean ye to aver ye did not feel the awful change?

Mummy. Just as men fail to note the point when sleep begins.

Ruysch. Ay, but then sleep's an ordinary thing.

Mummy. And is not death so? Show us the man, the beast, the plant which doth not die!

Ruysch. Marry, now I marvel not to hear you speak or sing, if ye perceived not even when ye died —

Così colui, del colpo non accorto,
Andava combattendo, ed era morto,

as the song says. And yet, methinks, as touching this affair of death, the like of you *must* know more than is known to us who have not yet died. Come, now, be plain; felt ye no anguish at the point of death?

Mummy. I tell thee once again I was not conscious of it.

Ruysch. Yet, of a truth, the bitterness of death, the anguish of its very sentiment, is held of all.

Mummy. Death is no thing of sense or sentiment — nay, 'tis its very opposite; where no feeling is, no bitterness can be.

Ruysch. And yet all men, in every time — ay, even the Epicurean sect — have held that death, in its very essence, hath a bitter pang.

Mummy. The living think so, but they err. Ask us, and we reply: If man cannot perceive the point at which his vital force is but suspended for a time by sleep or syncope, how should he note the point at which that force is quenched forever? Nay, more; how could a sense of aught be felt at death, which is itself the extinc-

tion of the faculty of sense — which dulls, and lastly kills, the very power to feel — how could this process of extinction be a thing of pain? I say, again, when consciousness itself is lulled in dissolution, no bitterness can be. Why, look ye, even they who die of painful maladies, when death draws nigh, are seen calm and quiescent, proving that in them the vital power, vanishing at the touch of death, is no more capable of pain; thus pain and fear themselves are dead before death comes. Tell this from us to all who think to suffer in the hour of death.

Ruysch. Such reasonings may suit the cold materialist, but never those who hold far other doctrines of the nature of the soul, as I have ever done, and all the more shall do, now that I have heard the dead both speak and sing. For, inasmuch as death is the parting of the soul and body, we may not think that these two essences, conjoined and welded into one, can e'er be severed without some dread and unimaginable shock.

Mummy. Say, then, are body and soul linked into one by any nerve or fibrous tissue which must be snapped when the soul takes its flight; or is the soul some actual portion of the body, which then is violently rent away? See you not that the soul quits the body only because it may no longer dwell there — its fleshly tenement is wrecked — and not because of any shock or violence, which tears it from its seat? Here is no violence at all. And tell me — think you, that when it first finds place within the body — at the time men call birth — think you the soul then feels its entrance into life; or has perception of its new attachment to the body? Think you it notes the new-formed union? Why, then, at death should it needs note the separation from its clay companion? Nay, be well assured that even as the entrance into life is gentle and unperceived, so will the parting be.

Ruysch. Then what is death, if it contain no pain?

Mummy. 'Tis rather pleasure; know that death, like slumber, comes not in an instant, but by slow and imperceptible gradations. True, these gradations vary with the variety of the causes which occasion death; but when it comes, death, like its sister sleep,* brings nor pain nor pleasure; but unconsciousness alone. Before it comes, it steepes the senses in a lethargy

* Respectful apologies to Homer for making sleep the sister of death. See the celebrated episode of Hera and Sleep, *Iliad*, xiv., 231, etc.

Ἐνθ' ἴππῳ ξύμβλητο, κασιγνήτῳ Θανάτῳ, etc.

which blunts all consciousness and dulls all pain. But the lethargy which dulls all pain is itself a pleasure; and, therefore, I said but now that the approach of death is even pleasurable. Surely the best and truest part of what men call pleasure consists in freedom from pain; and thus, as death draws nigh, if we feel aught, 'tis pleasure that we feel. For me, although in my last hour I paid small heed to my sensations, since my physician counselled calm; yet I bethink me that the sense I felt was not unlike the pleasant languor of approaching sleep.

The Other Mummies. Such, too, was what we felt.

Ruysch. Be it as you say; though all with whom I have discussed the theme have taken a far other view of it; but they, 'tis true, did not, like you, speak from their own experience. But now tell me, in the hour of death, while you felt that pleasant sort of languor you describe, did you realize that you were dying; knew you that it was death which approached; or had you some other thought?

Mummy. Till I was actually dead I never felt clearly persuaded that I was about to die; and while I retained the faculty of thought, it seemed to me I yet might live; and such, methinks, is the common phantasy of dying men.

The Other Mummies. Such was our phantasy.

Rhysch. Ay, even as Cicero has said, that ne'er a man, however aged and infirm, but hopes to live another year. But, at the very last, when all was over, when the spirit had departed, when you were dead, what was your first sensation? Tell me your experience then.

Ha! No reply! My sons, do you not hear me? Speak! Ah, no! Their lips are sealed. The destined quarter of an hour is past. Let me examine them. Ay, they are dead sure enough; stone dead, stone dead. Well, there is no fear of their giving me another fright. Let me again to bed.

PATRICK MAXWELL.

From Chambers' Journal.

GERMAN COLONIES IN THE HOLY LAND.

IN Württemberg, in the year 1836, many pious persons looked confidently for the second coming of the Messiah. Some thirteen years later, a Dr. Christopher Hoffmann became convinced that it would be a good thing and a wise to gather the

there to await his coming. In the course faithful people together in Jerusalem, of a few years he found himself at the head of a small community of zealous persons eager to settle as colonists in Palestine. But it was not until 1858 that the first pioneer band, consisting of three gentlemen, was sent out to examine the land, and report on its capabilities for colonization by Europeans. They came home in the following summer; but their report was not encouraging. What their objections and difficulties were we shall see subsequently. Meanwhile, the small community of the friends of Jerusalem, having been excluded from the national Evangelical Church of Württemberg, formed themselves in 1861 into an independent religious society, calling themselves the "German Temple." But the Templars encountered a good deal of opposition and discouragement at home, chiefly from the clergy of the orthodox Church. Hence the movement grew with extreme slowness, so that in half-a-dozen years it did not number more than two thousand members all told, including small parties of adherents in the United States and in the south of Russia. At no time has it exceeded five thousand members.

At length, in 1869, the first serious attempt was made by the Templars to establish themselves in Palestine. In September of that year Dr. Hoffmann and Mr. G. A. Hardegg, the leaders of the movement, in spite of the refusal of the Ottoman government in Constantinople to grant them a concession of land unless they would enrol themselves as Turkish subjects, managed to purchase land at Haifa, a small town situated at the northern foot of Mount Carmel. At the same time a second nucleus was formed at Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, farther south. Ere the year ran out, more than one hundred immigrants had arrived, the bulk of them going to Haifa and Jaffa, though a few wended their way to Beyrout and Jerusalem. During the next three years the number of the Templars in Palestine grew apace. A second estate was purchased near Jaffa, and there, in 1872, was founded the exclusively agricultural colony of Sarona. In the following year a fourth colony was established close to the holy city of Jerusalem; and in 1876 a Templar community was formally constituted near Beyrout.

But these German Templars were not the first people to attempt the colonization of Palestine and the introduction into that neglected land of the civilization of the

West. Already in 1848 an American lady, Mrs. Minor, at the head of certain of her countrymen and a few German families from the valley of the Rhine, had settled in Palestine for the express purpose of putting before the Jews an example of industry and thrift, and thereby doing something to awaken them to the consciousness of the advantages that follow in the steps of Western culture. But the undertaking came to an untimely end in 1857 with the death of the leader.

Again, in 1866, a more pretentious effort was made to plant another colony in the Holy Land, this time at Jaffa. The prime mover at this time was an American gentleman named Adams, the founder of a religious sect called the Church of the Messiah, who in the year mentioned brought over to Palestine a company of one hundred and seventy people. But this enterprise was not more successful than its forerunner. In spite of everything having been done beforehand to ensure success, the scheme did not prosper. The colonists began to lose heart; their expectations were not realized; no help came to them from America, and none from Europe; and in the end the greater part of the colonists were carried home at the expense of the government.

To return to the German Templars. Up to 1878 there was no falling-off in the influx of immigrants to the colonies of the society. At first the chief difficulties they had to contend against arose out of their position as foreigners on Turkish soil. The Ottoman government refused to legalize their titles of ownership to their land; and so long as the matter was not definitively settled, they were exposed to the exactions of the nominal native owners, and to the arbitrary demands of the native tax-collectors. But they struggled bravely on, and eventually these difficulties were successfully overcome; although the Turkish authorities still continue to look upon the Templar communities, foreigners as they are both to their government and their creed, with considerable suspicion and mistrust. Their other difficulties were incidental to the land and its geographical situation. The soil of Palestine has been neglected for so long a period of time that it has lost much of the extraordinary fertility for which it was once famous. It has ceased to be a "land flowing with milk and honey," and this chiefly through the supineness and ignorance of its inhabitants. Then, again, the Templars had to fight against the disagreeable consequences that necessarily attended a change

of climate such as that implied in emigrating from Württemberg to Palestine. Malarial fevers are common, almost persistent, in most of the Templar colonies, though they do not seem ever to have been of a malignant type, except at Sarona. But even at Sarona a great improvement has been effected in this regard as the years have rolled by. Whereas in the first year there died 8·33 persons in every hundred, the death-rate for the years 1876-80 was only 1·32, and for the years 1881-85, 1·47.

The immigrants are for the most part farmers and handicraftsmen, with a sprinkling of professional men. As a whole, they are not rich, though each family is possessed of some means. They are, generally speaking, simple, honest, industrious folk, straightforward in faith and in conduct. In accordance with the more practical side of their aims, they strive to realize as far as may be the ideal Christian life as laid down in the New Testament. By this means they set a useful example to the Arabs and Jews who dwell around them; and in this way they hope to sow in Palestine the good seeds of European enlightenment and civilization. These good-hearted Württembergers are fully alive to the importance of sound education; they maintain good schools, and bestow much attention upon them. Every colony possesses at least one school, modelled on the pattern of the communal schools at home. At Jerusalem they have a lyceum or grammar school for boys; and at Haifa there did exist for some time a higher school for girls.

During the first years of their settlement in Palestine the organization of the Templar society was changed more than once. They experienced some difficulty in making the civil headship harmonize with the religious or spiritual headship; and at the end of the tenth year it was found necessary to separate the two functions. In August, 1887, the worldly affairs of the Templar communities were rendered more secure against the interference of the Turkish authorities in a very ingenious manner. Under the auspices of the German consular court at Jerusalem an ordinary commercial company was formed, the Central Treasury of the Temple of Aberle and Hoffmann, which was to be conducted by two presidents and a popular council of twelve members, who should meet at least once a year for the transaction of business. Of this company all the members of the Templar communities were enrolled as sleeping partners. But

they did not adopt, as might perhaps be supposed, any communistic form of property; each person retained his economic independence. The device, though admittedly running counter to the spirit of the Templar society, was resorted to simply for the purpose of safeguarding their position as foreign colonists in a land under the rule of Turkey. By putting themselves under the protection of their own consul, in the character of a commercial or trading company, they became exempt in many respects from the jurisdiction and vexatious interference of the Turkish officials.

Since 1878 the colony at Jerusalem, consisting principally of artisans, has taken the first place amongst the Templar communities in Palestine. It is to these German aliens that the Holy City owes the industrial activity which has lately begun to manifest itself within her walls. As already remarked, the colony at Saron is a purely agricultural settlement; that at Jaffa has attracted most of the professional men among the colonists; the people settled at Haifa are for the most part vine-growers, agriculturists, and handicraftsmen, with a few merchants. The total number of colonists is estimated at thirteen hundred, almost exclusively Germans. Most of them came direct from Würtemberg; a few, however, found their way to Palestine from south Russia and from the United States.

The land belonging to the colony of Haifa extends along the northern foot of Mount Carmel, overlooking the Bay of Acre; it occupies a narrow plain, nearly one thousand paces wide and two and a half miles long, that has squeezed itself in between the mountain and the sea. The surface of the plain ranges for the most part at about ninety feet above the level of the sea, and the land has been cultivated for nearly one thousand feet up the slopes of Carmel. The native town of Haifa, with a population of about six thousand, stands at the eastern extremity of the plain. About a mile distant from it on the west are the houses of the German settlement, where dwell about three hundred people in all. The principal street of the little village stretches up from the shore towards the mount. It is bordered on each side by a double row of shade-trees, behind which, each in a well-kept garden, stand the houses, built of white stone, one or two stories high, with slate roofs and a text of Scripture in German over the doorway. The lower slopes of Mount Carmel are planted with olives;

the higher have been terraced, and are planted with vines. But although the Würtembergers are experienced and capable vine-dressers, as almost every hillside in their native country abundantly testifies, these colonists at Haifa have not been altogether successful in their attempts at vine-growing, their comparative failure being due to the fact that the vines they first planted were imported from Germany, and were unable to withstand the attacks of mildew.

The German colony was not the first settlement of Europeans in this part of Palestine; for during more than seven hundred years there had existed on Mount Carmel a monastery of Carmelite monks—in fact, their original seat. Nor was the settlement of the Templars unattended with drawbacks and difficulties. They suffered from the opposition of Turkish officials, and not from these only; for the native population greeted the intrusion of the new-comers with the religious and racial antagonism that exists almost everywhere in the Orient between Mohammedan Arabs and Christian Europeans.

Nevertheless, the Templars of Haifa have finally succeeded, if not in winning the cordial good-will of the native population, at all events in disarming their aggressive opposition, open and covert. For Germans and Arabs now carry on commercial and agricultural operations conjointly, and apparently in perfect amity and concord. But the Templars have not been content with merely setting the Arabs and Jews a better and stimulating example; they have actually conferred upon them positive and tangible advantages. At their own expense they have constructed a highroad to Acre, on the other side of the bay; and a second one, more useful still, across the Plain of Esdraelon to Nazareth, twenty-two miles distant, and have introduced upon them the use of wheeled vehicles. These roads are now regularly used by the natives, who have adopted from their German neighbors their method of carrying produce—namely, on carts and wagons. They have also, under the influence of the same good example, improved their methods of agriculture, and have begun to build stone houses, in imitation of those of the Germans, and to attend to the sanitary condition of their little town. For whereas, before their arrival, the native town was as dirty and as dilapidated as any native town you please in all Palestine, it is now a model of neatness and cleanliness. And in yet other ways the natives have reaped

profit from the advent of the Templars. The value of land has increased threefold. The commerce of the little seaport has received a notable impulse. Large quantities of grain and other raw produce from the Hauran and other districts beyond Jordan are brought down to Haifa for export. There is now perfect safety for person and property; whereas, twenty years ago, it was often a very hazardous thing to venture outside the gates of Haifa without an armed escort, not at night-time, but in broad daylight. And all these estimable results the Templars have brought about simply through the sheer force of example; by the strictest honesty and uprightness in their dealings with one another and with the native population; by industry, simplicity of living, and steady good-will.

The Haifa colony seems to be now well started on the way to prosperity. It has mills for grinding corn into flour; it has a manufactory for making olive-oil soap, and another for making useful and ornamental articles from olive-wood. And of all the Templar colonies in Palestine it is undoubtedly the healthiest. The heat, although high, is neither unpleasant nor yet excessive, except when the sirocco happens to blow. The regular winds are pretty constant, and exert on the whole a cooling influence. During the day, a breeze blows in from the sea; whilst at night a breeze blows in the contrary direction, from the land seawards. Malaria does indeed occur, but not very frequently, and always in a mild and innocuous form. It may be added that General Gordon several times visited this Templar colony; and Mr. Laurence Oliphant, the well-known author, lived there nearly a year.

The settlement that has suffered most from sickness, and the untoward conditions of the climate has been that of Sarona. This colony stands on the alluvial plain of Sharon, which stretches from Jaffa to Mount Carmel, and is situated about one hour's journey from Jaffa, not far from the sea. It is nearly surrounded by a little stream, which during the hot, rainless season of summer — lasting from May to September — dries up completely, with the exception of a few pools of stagnant water left here and there in its bed. At first the colonists who settled at Sarona were severely visited by malarial fevers and dysentery; a very high proportion of the settlers having perished in the first year. But by dint of dogged endurance, and by strenuous labor to improve the sanitary conditions of the place, they have managed greatly to reduce the risks. The

death-rate does not at the present time exceed 1·50 per cent. a year. Here, too, the patience and industry of the Templars have converted what was formerly a barren wilderness into a fruitful and beautiful garden.

The colonies of Jaffa and Jerusalem never suffered to anything like the same extent as Sarona, though neither of them is exempt from recurrent attacks of a mild form of malarial fever. The one, however, is situated immediately on the coast, where it can get the benefit of sea-air and the sea-breezes. The other is situated forty or forty-five miles inland, on the water parting between the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean, amongst the mountains of Judæa, at an elevation of two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. The colony at Jaffa, as already observed, consists very largely of professional men; that at Jerusalem almost exclusively of artisans and handicraftsmen. Between the two towns the Templars maintain active communication by means of wagons and similar wheeled vehicles; and here again the Arabs and Jews have not been slow to imitate the example that has been put before them.

Thus it would seem that at last something is really being done to dissipate the mists of sloth and ignorance which for so many centuries have hidden the Holy Land from the hand of usefulness, and to give it back that great measure of fertility which it enjoyed in antiquity.

From Temple Bar.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

A POET, like a prophet, sometimes suffers from a lack of appreciation on the part of his neighbors. Mr. Groome, in his interesting article* on Edward Fitzgerald, informs us that two old ladies of Aldeburgh, whenever they heard the name of their distinguished townsman mentioned, used always to smooth their black mittens and remark: "We never thought much of Mr. Crabbe," intellectual superiority not being a recognized quality in that slightly barbaric region. We have consulted some authorities of Woodbridge respecting Edward Fitzgerald. One of them informs us that the only thing he knew of him was that he was an "eccentric man who walked about with his mouth open and his hat at the

* In *Blackwood's Magazine*.

back of his head." Woodbridge evidently entertained a great man unawares. The letters of Edward FitzGerald, edited by Mr. Aldis Wright, have delighted the reading world. The art of letter-writing is not lost, but it is wrong to mention art in conjunction with such letters, which are written in "the purest, simplest, raciest English," without a shade of affectation, or a thought that they would ever be subjected to public criticism. Of course there are superior persons who see nothing in them, but as usual they are in a hopeless minority. FitzGerald's description of Madame de Sévigné's letters might be applied to his own: "good sense, good feeling, humor, love of books and country life."

Edward FitzGerald was born in 1809 at Bredfield Hall, near Woodbridge. He was educated at Bury School, where he acquired the friendship of James Spedding, William Bodham Donne; and John Kemble, afterwards licenser of plays and a great Anglo-Saxon scholar; on leaving Bury he entered Cambridge University, where he first met his friends, the Tennysons.

Edward FitzGerald's name was first known in America through Mrs. Kemble's account of his family in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. FitzGerald is described as a most amiable and genial Irish gentleman, the possessor of large property in Ireland and Suffolk, with a house in Portland Place, where he, with his wife, who was also his first cousin, lived in great state. Mrs. FitzGerald is described as a "very handsome, clever, and eccentric woman."

One member of her family, her son Edward FitzGerald, has remained my friend till this day: his parents and mine are dead; of his brothers and sisters I retain no knowledge; but with him I still keep up an affectionate and to me most valuable and interesting correspondence. He was distinguished from the rest of his family, and indeed from most people, by the possession of very rare intellectual and artistic gifts. A poet, a painter, a musician, an admirable scholar and writer—if he had not shunned notoriety as sedulously as most people seek it, he would have achieved a foremost place among the eminent men of his day, and left a name second to that of very few of his contemporaries. His life was spent in literary leisure, on literary labors of love of singular excellence, which he never caused to be published beyond the circle of his intimate friends: Euphranor, Polonius, a collection of dialogues full of keen wisdom, fine observation, and profound thought; sterling philosophy written in the purest, simplest, raciest English; noble translations, or rather free

adaptations, of Calderon's two finest dramas, "The Wonderful Magician" and "Life's a Dream," and a splendid paraphrase of the Agamemnon of Æschylus, which fills its reader with regret that he should not have *Englished* the whole of the great trilogy with the same severe sublimity. In America this gentleman is better known by his translation, or adaptation—how much more of it is his own than the author's I should like to know, if I were Irish—of Omar Khayam, the astronomer-poet of Persia.

Having adopted no profession on leaving Cambridge, Edward FitzGerald seemed at one time to have intended to adopt a farming life on scientific principles. Perhaps he was wise in rejecting the idea. In the mean time he was much amused at the lucubrations of his friends, Donne, John Kemble, and Edgeworth, in the *English and Foreign Review*.

Since I saw you I have entered into a decidedly agricultural course of conduct: read books about composts, etc. I walk about in the fields also where the people are at work, and the more dirt accumulates on my shoes the more I think I know. Is not this all funny? Gibbon might elegantly compare my retirement with that of Diocletian. Have you read Thackeray's little book, "The Second Funeral of Napoleon"? If not, pray do; and buy it, and ask others to buy it, as each copy sold puts 7½d. in T.'s pocket, which is very empty just now, I take it. I think this book the best thing he has done. What an account there is of the Emperor Nicholas in Kemble's last Review—the last sentence of it (which can be by no other man in Europe but Jack himself) has been meat and drink to me for a fortnight. The electric-eel at the Adelaide Gallery is nothing to it. Then Edgeworth fires away about the "Odes of Pindar," and Donne is very æsthetic about Mr. Hallam's book. What is the meaning of "exegetical"? Till I know that, how can I understand the Review?

Edward FitzGerald was very much amused by receiving an invitation to figure as a lecturer to the cultivated mechanics of Ipswich. Wild horses would not have brought him to make such an exhibition of himself. He writes to Bernard Barton:—

New honors in society have devolved upon me the necessity of a more dignified deportment. A letter has been sent me from the secretary of the Ipswich Mechanics' Institution, asking me to lecture—any subject but Party Politics or Controversial Divinity. On my politely declining, another, a fuller and more pressing letter, was sent, urging me to comply with their demand. I answered to the same effect, but with accelerated dignity. I am now awaiting the third request in confi-

dence; if you see no symptoms of its being mooted, perhaps you will kindly propose it. I have prepared an answer. Donne is mad with envy. He consoles himself with having got a Roman History to write for Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. What a pity it is that only lying histories are readable. I am afraid Donne will stick to what is considered the truth too much.

Owing to rash speculation in coal mines by FitzGerald's father the family pecuniary position had naturally suffered. When Mr. FitzGerald died in 1852, his son writes that he died like "poor old Sedley in 'Vanity Fair,' all his coal schemes at an end, saying, 'That engine works well!' in the stupor of death." FitzGerald had taken up his abode at Boulge Cottage, with an old Suffolk woman, Mrs. Faiers, as his housekeeper, and his cats, dogs and his parrot, "Beauty Bob." He finally in 1873 lived at Little Grange, Woodbridge.

It is true; I really do like to sit in this doleful place with a good fire, a cat and dog on the rug, and an old woman in the kitchen. This is all my live stock. The house is yet damp, as last year; and the great event of this winter is my putting up a trough round the eaves to carry off the wet. There was discussion whether the trough should be of iron or of zinc: iron, dear and lasting; zinc, the reverse. It was decided of iron, and accordingly iron is put up. Why should I not live in London and see the world? you say. Why then, I say as before, I don't like it. I think the dulness of the country people is better than the impudence of Londoners; and the fresh cold and wet of our clay fields better than a fog that stinks *per se*; and this room of mine, clean at all events, better than a dirty room in Charlotte Street.

FitzGerald's dislike for London society increased every day. A London dinner-party he seems to have especially disliked.

You know my way of life so well that I need not describe it to you, as it has undergone no change since I saw you. I read of mornings—the same old books over and over again, having no command of new ones: walk with my great black dog of an afternoon, and at evening sit with open windows, up to which the China roses climb, with my pipe, while the blackbirds and thrushes begin to rustle bed-wards in the garden, and the nightingale to have the neighborhood to herself. We have had such a spring (bating the last ten days) as would have satisfied even you with warmth. And such verdure! White clouds moving over the new-fledged tops of oak-trees—and acres of grass striving with buttercups. How old to tell of, how new to see!

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXIX. 3588

The following letter was written when staying at Geldeston, where his brother-in-law, Mr. Kerrich, lived. FitzGerald was very fond of his children.

I sit writing this at my bedroom window, while the rain (long looked for) patters on the pane. I prophesied it to-day; which is a great comfort. We have a housefull of the most delightful children; and if the rain would last, and the grass grow, all would be well. I think the rain will last: I shall prophesy so when I go down to our early dinner. For it is Sunday: and we dine, children and all, at one o'clock; and go to afternoon church, and a great tea at six—then a pipe (except for the young ladies)—a stroll—a bit of supper—and to bed. Wake in the morning at five—open the windows and read Ecclesiasticus. A proverb says that "everything is fun in the country."

Carlyle wrote to FitzGerald that he had passed an "unforgettable day" with Alfred Tennyson. We fancy that this was the meeting when an American author was present, and a terrific discussion took place between these lights of mankind—Carlyle shrieking out for the return of William the Conqueror, to rule over us again, and defending with delight the conduct of that humane monarch, in cutting off the legs of twelve hundred Cambridge-shire gentlemen. "Let me tell your returning hero, then," said Tennyson, "one thing, he had better steer clear of my precincts, or he will feel my knife in his guts very soon." FitzGerald is quite justified in writing that no one conversed so wisely as Alfred Tennyson, and that he ought to have a Boswell to record his inspired talk.

I smoked a pipe with Carlyle yesterday. We ascended from his dining-room, carrying pipes and tobacco, up through two stories of his house, and got into a little dressing-room near the roof; there we sat down; the window was open and looked out on nursery gardens, their almond-trees in blossom, and beyond, bare walls of houses, and over these roofs and chimneys, and here and there a steeple, and whole London crowned with darkness like the illimitable resources of a dream. I tried to persuade him to leave the accursed den, and he wished—but—but—perhaps he *didn't* wish on the whole. . . . A cloud comes over Charlotte Street, and seems as if it were sailing softly on the April wind to fall in a blessed shower,* upon the lilac buds and thirsty anemones somewhere in Essex; or, who knows? perhaps at Boulge. Out will come Mrs. Faiers, and, with red arms and face of woe, haul in the struggling windows of the cottage, and make all tight. "Beauty

* There was a great drought when this letter was written.

Bob" will cast a bird's-eye out at the shower, and bless the useful wet. Mr. Loder will observe to the farmer, for whom he is doing up a dozen of Queen's Heads, that it will be of great use; and the farmer will agree that his young barley wanted it much. The German Ocean will dimple with innumerable pin points, and porpoises rolling near the surface sneeze with unusual pellets of fresh water —

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?

Lockhart relates that Laidlaw, after hearing Sir Walter Scott and Sir Humphry Davy converse, cocked his eye like a bird, with: "Eh, sir, this is a superior occasion; I wonder whether Shakespeare and Bacon ever met to screw ilk other up." It is a pity there was no listener to hear the interchange of opinions between those two most original men, Carlyle and FitzGerald. Carlyle generally preferred listeners to talkers. The late Mr. Allingham used to walk with him in the evening, when Carlyle used, as FitzGerald said, to rave at everything and propose nothing. One evening, on returning to the gate, Mr. Allingham ventured to say, "I have listened to you with great pleasure, Mr. Carlyle, but I do not entirely agree with you." "Allingham, Allingham," answered the injured sage, "you always will have the last word."

Edward FitzGerald had formed a sincere friendship with Parson Crabbe, the son of the poet. It is curious that the parson had never read his father's works till he was persuaded by his friend to perform that painful ceremony. Sir Walter Scott's eldest son is said never to have read his father's novels.

I have written enough for to-night: I am now going to sit down and play one of Handel's overtures—as well as I can—"Semele," perhaps, a very grand one—then, lighting my lantern, trudge through the mud to Parson Crabbe's. Before I take my pen again to finish this letter, the new year will have dawned—on some of us. "Thou fool! this night thy soul may be required of thee!" Very well: while it is in this body I will wish my dear old F. J. a happy New Year. And now to drum out the old with Handel.

New Year's Day, 1851—A happy New Year to you! I sat up with my parson till the old year was past, drinking punch and smoking cigars, for which I endure some headache this morning. Not that we took much; but a very little punch disagrees with me. Only I would not disappoint my old friend's convivial expectations. He is one of those happy men who have the boy's heart throbbing and trembling under the snows of sixty-five.

One of the characteristics of Edward FitzGerald was his devotion to the writings of Sir Walter Scott. He read his novels over and over again, finding new beauties every time.

The "Pirate" is, I know, not one of Scott's best; the women, Minna, Brenda, Norna, are poor theatrical figures. But Magnus and Jack Bunce, and Claud Halcro, though the latter is rather wearisome, are substantial enough; how wholesomely they swear! And no one ever thinks of blaming Scott for it. There is a passage where the company at Burgh Westra are summoned by Magnus to go down to the shore to see the boats go off to the deep-sea fishing, and "they followed his stately step to the shore as the herd of deer follows the leading stag, with all manner of respectful observance." This, coming in at the close of the preceding unaffected narrative, is to me like Homer, whom Scott really resembles in the simplicity and ease of his story. This is far more poetical in my eyes than all the effort of —, etc., etc. And which of them has written such a lyric as "Farewell to Northmaven"? I finished the book with sadness, thinking I might never read it again.

It is singular that we cannot find the above passage in Scott in our edition of his works.

Mrs. Trench's journal was sent by her son, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, to Edward FitzGerald, who received it with great favor.

DEAR DR. TRENCH, — Thank you sincerely for the delightful little journal which I had from you yesterday, and only wished to be a dozen times as long. The beautiful note at p. 75 speaks of much yet unprinted. It is a pity Mrs. Kemble had not read p. 79. I thought in the night of "the subdued voice of Good Sense," and "the eye that invites you to look into it." I doubt I can read, more or less attentively, most personal memoirs, but I am equally sure of the superiority of this in its shrewdness, humor, natural taste and good breeding. One is sorry for the account of Lord Nelson, but one cannot doubt it. It was at the time when he was intoxicated, I suppose, with glory and Lady Hamilton. What your mother says of the Dresden Madonna reminds me of what Tennyson once said: that the attitude of the child was that of a man; but perhaps not the less right for all that. As to the countenance, he said that scarce any man's face could look so grave and rapt as a baby's could at times. He once said of his own child: "He was a whole hour this morning worshipping the sunshine playing on the bed-post." He never writes letters or journals, but I hope people will be found to remember some of the things he has said as naturally as your mother wrote them.

Mrs. Trench had written: "The Virgin's face is divine. The child, who appears about a year old, has more the expression of the king than the Saviour of the world. There is a beautiful haughtiness, mixed with disdain, in his features."

Thackeray said that "dear old Fitz" was one of his two greatest friends, but when "Vanity Fair" took the town by storm and its author figured in the grand world, some temporary coolness seems to have ensued between the friends. "Thackeray," FitzGerald writes, "is in such a great world that I am afraid of him; he gets tired of me, and we are content to regard each other at a distance." Thackeray's head may have been slightly turned by his marvellous success, after experiencing for years shameful neglect and disappointment; but let us hope it was mere fancy on the part of FitzGerald respecting his friend's altered manner. Be that as it may, on Thackeray's death all the old feelings of affection instantly returned.

DEAR LAWRENCE. . . . I want to know about your two portraits of Thackeray: the first one (which I think Smith and Elder have) I know by the print. I want to know about one you last did (some two years ago?), whether you think it as good and characteristic; and also who has it. Frederic Tennyson sent me a photograph of W. M. T. — old, white, massive, and melancholy, sitting in his library. I am surprised almost to find how much I am thinking of him: so little as I had seen him for the last ten years; not once for the last five. I had been told — by you, for one — that he was spoiled. I am glad, therefore, that I have scarce seen him since he was "old Thackeray." I keep reading his "Newcomes" of nights, and, as it were, hear him saying so much in it; and it seems to me as if he might be coming up my stairs, and about to come (singing) into my room, as in old Charlotte Street, etc., thirty years ago. . . .

I have this summer made the acquaintance of a great lady, with whom I have become perfectly intimate, through her letters, Madame de Sévigné. I had hitherto kept aloof from her, because of that eternal daughter of hers; but "it's all truth and daylight," as Kitty Clive said of Mrs. Siddons. Her letters from Brittany are best of all, not those from Paris, for she loved the country, dear creature; and now I want to go and visit her "*Rochers*," but never shall.

He really intended to journey to Brittany, but he found from "Murray's Guide Book" that the present owner of Les Rochers declined to admit Sévigné enthusiasts.

There were many false reports at Woodbridge about the eccentricities of Edward FitzGerald. It was said that he went up to visit Sir Walter Scott's country, but on finding on his arrival at Newcastle that there was a train immediately starting for the south, he seized such a favorable opportunity and entered it; again, Mr. Groome informs us, it was reported that he sailed to Holland to see the works of the great painters, but when he arrived on the coast he found such a wind for his return that he could not resist its fascination. FitzGerald named his boat the *Scandal*, in honor of the town of Woodbridge's staple commodity.

Country town life is not badly described in a verse which we read the other day in an old *Gentleman's Magazine*: —

We eat, we drink, we scandal talk,
We go to church on Sunday,
And some they go in fear of God,
And some of — Mrs. Grundy.

Its characteristics are, so writes FitzGerald, about the "faded tapestry" of country town life, "third-rate accomplishments infinitely prized, scandal removed from dukes and duchesses to the parson, the banker, the commissioner of excise, and the attorney."

Mrs. Kemble describes FitzGerald as living a curious life of almost entire estrangement from society, preferring the companionship of the rough sailors and fishermen of the Suffolk coast to that of lettered folk. He used to sail about in his yacht, and the rougher the sea was the more he liked it, always putting into port on Sunday that his men might have a hot dinner. He entered into partnership with a sailor, of whom he was a great friend, in a herring lugger.

MY DEAR COWELL. . . . My lugger captain has just left me to go on his mackerel voyage to the western coast; and I don't know when I shall see him again. Just after he went, a muffled bell from the church here began to toll for somebody's death: it sounded like a bell under the sea. He sat listening to the hymn played by the church chimes, last evening, and said he could hear it all as if in Lowestoft church, when he was a boy, "Jesus our Deliverer!" You can't think what a grand, tender soul this is, lodged in a suitable carcase.

The partnership in Meum and Tuum, which the profane inhabitants of Woodbridge called Mum and Tum, was dissolved, the captain wishing to be sole master, a desire that FitzGerald readily complied with, saying it was his right.

Edward FitzGerald in his youth was very fond of the theatre. The Haymarket was his favorite, with Liston in "Paul Pry," and Madame Vestris in a Pamela hat, with a red feather, singing "Cherry Ripe;" he loved it also because of the old bills on the opposite colonnade, "Medea in Corinto. Medea, Signora Pasta."

Hayter's sketches of Madame Pasta caused FitzGerald to write a notice of her wondrous acting.

Looking at them now, people who never saw the original will wonder, perhaps, that Talma and Mrs. Siddons should have said that they might go to learn of her: and indeed it was only the living genius and passion of the woman herself, that could have inspired and exalted, and enlarged her very incomplete person (as it did her voice) into the grandeur, as well as the *Niobe* pathos, of her action and utterance. All the nobler features of humanity she had indeed: finely shaped head, neck, bust, and arms: all finely related to one another; the superior features too of the face: fine eyes, eyebrows—I remember Trelawny saying they reminded him of those in the East—the nose not so fine, but the whole face "homogeneous," as Lavater calls it, and capable of all expression from tragedy to farce. For I have seen her in the *Prova d'un Opera Seria*, where no one, I believe, admired her but myself—except Thomas Moore, whose journal, long after published, revealed to me one who thought—yes, and *knew*—as I did. . . . I used to admire as much as anything her attitude and air, as she stood at the side of the stage when Jason's Bridal Procession came on: *motionless*, with one finger in her golden girdle—a habit which (I heard) she inherited from Grassini.

An æsthetic personage once said to Pasta, "Vous avez beaucoup étudié l'antique." Pasta answered, "J'en ai beaucoup senti." Edward FitzGerald would have made an admirable theatrical critic. He loved quiet acting, and could not appreciate the scolding of Grisi in the parts which had been filled by Pasta.

In Sophie Gay's "Salons de Paris," I read that when Mlle. Contat (the predecessor of Mars) was learning under Prévillo and his wife for the stage, she gesticulated too much, as novices do. So the Prévilles confined her arms, like "une momie," she says, and then set her off with a scene. So long as no great passion business was needed, she felt pretty comfortable, she says; but when the dialogue grew hot, then she could not help trying to get her hands free: and *that*, as the Prévilles told her, sufficiently showed where action should begin, and not till then, whether in grave or comic. This anecdote (told by Contat herself) has almost an exact counterpart in Mrs. Siddons's practice, who recited even

Lear's curse with her hands and arms close to her side like an Egyptian figure, and Sir Walter Scott, who heard her, said nothing could be more terrible.

The French school of acting was perfection. Madame de Genlis saw Le Kain giving a *debutant* a lesson in declamation. The young man, in the middle of a scene, seized the arm "de la princesse." Le Kain, shocked, said, "Monsieur, si vous voulez paraître passionné, ayez l'air de craindre de toucher la robe de celle que vous aimez." It was said there were only two men who knew how to talk to women, Le Kain and M. de Vaudreuil, the friend of the Duchess of Polignac.

One day I went into the Abbey at 3.30 P.M., while a beautiful anthem was beautifully sung, and then the prayers and collects, not less beautiful, well intoned on one single note by the minister. And when I looked up and about me, I thought that Abbey a wonderful structure for monkeys to have raised. The last night Mesdames Kemble and Edwards had each of them company, so I went into my old Opera House in the Haymarket, where I remembered the very place where Pasta stood as Medea on the stage, with Rubini singing his return to his betrothed in "Puritani," and Taglioni floating about everywhere: and the several boxes in which sat the several ranks and beauties of forty or fifty years ago; my mother's box on the third tier, in which I often figured as a specimen of both. The audience all changed, much for the worse, I thought; and opera and singers also; only one of them who could sing at all, and she sang very well indeed—Trebelli her name. The opera by a Frenchman on the Wagner Plan: excellent instrumentation, but not one new or melodious idea through the whole.

"I saw Carlyle," writes FitzGerald, "and Tennyson and Spedding most and best." James Spedding, like his friend, shunned notoriety just as other people seek it. When he was offered the under-secretaryship of the Colonial Office, he refused it because he felt unfit to undertake its duties—an estimate of himself which was assented to by no one. He passed his literary life in attempting the hopeless task of vindicating the character of Lord Bacon—striving, as FitzGerald writes, "to wash his blackamoor white." For "how can any one," we heard Dean Milman say, "clear the character of a man who confessed he was a rogue?" FitzGerald frequently compares him to Socrates—no one was more highly esteemed in literary society. Lord Houghton writes that Lady Ashburton, who could be insolent to others, once said, "I always feel a kind of average between myself and any

other person, so that when I am talking to Spedding I am unutterably foolish." Like Sir Walter Scott, who was nicknamed by Peter Robertson, "Peveril of the Peak," James Spedding had a very high forehead, which we used to gaze upon with childish awe when he sat serene and stately, on the oak bench when he was head boy at Bury School. Thackeray and FitzGerald used to be amused with this forehead. When Spedding accompanied Lord Ashburton on his mission to America, FitzGerald wrote: "You have of course read the account of Spedding's forehead having landed in America. English sailors hail it in the Channel, mistaking it for Beechy Head. There is a Shakespeare Cliff and a Spedding Cliff. Good old fellow! I hope he'll come back, forehead and all."

Thackeray declared he saw the forehead in a milestone, and drew it rising with a sober light over Mont Blanc, and reflected in the Lake of Geneva.

Spedding had once come down to visit FitzGerald—

I have not seen any one you know since I last wrote; nor heard from any one, except dear old Spedding, who really came down and spent two days with us—me and that scholar and his wife, in their village, in their delightful little house, in their pleasant fields by the river side. Old Spedding was delicious there; always leaving a mark, as I say, in all places one has been at with him, a sort of Platonic perfume. For has he not all the beauty of the Platonic Socrates, with some personal beauty to boot? He explained to us one day about the laws of reflection in water: and I said then, one could never look at the willow, whose branches furnished the text, without thinking of him. How beastly this reads! As if he gave us a lecture! But you know the man, how quietly it all came out; only because I petulantly denied his plain assertion. For I really cross him only to draw him out; and, vain as I may be, he is one of those that I am well content to make shine at my own expense.

James Spedding met with a terrible accident, being run over by a hansom cab when trying to pass the road in Berkeley Street, opposite the Lansdowne Passage. He had got out of the way of the cab and returned to the pavement; but, having again tried to cross, a hansom, with a member of Parliament as a passenger, which Spedding did not see, knocked him down. The cab did not stop, but went on rapidly to the Great Western station. Spedding was taken to St. George's Hospital. He exonerated the cabman from blame; of course he would do that, it was his na-

ture. FitzGerald writes to Mrs. Kemble:—

MY DEAR LADY,—It was very, very good and kind of you to write to me about Spedding. Yes: Aldis Wright had apprised me of the matter just after it happened, he happening to be in London at the time; and but two days after the accident heard that Spedding was quite calm and even cheerful; only anxious that Wright himself should not be kept waiting for some communication that S. had promised him! Whether to live or to die, he will be Socrates still. Directly that I heard from Wright, I wrote to Mowbray Donne to send me just a post card daily, if he or his wife could, with but one or two words on it, "Better," "Less well," or whatever it might be. This morning I hear that all is going on even better than could be expected, according to Miss Spedding. But I suppose the crisis, which you tell me of, is not yet come; and I have always a terror of that French adage, "*Monsieur se porte mal—Monsieur se porte mieux—Monsieur est —*" Ah, you know, or you guess the rest. My dear old Spedding, though I have not seen him these twenty years and more, and probably shall never see him again; but he lives, his old self, in my heart of hearts; and all I hear of him does but embellish the recollection of him, if it could be embellished; for he is but the same that he was from a boy, all that is best in heart and head, a man that would be incredible, had one not known him. I certainly should have gone up to London, even with eyes that will scarce face the lamps of Woodbridge—not to see him, but to have the first intelligence I could about him. But I rely on the post card for but a night's delay. Lawrence, Mowbray tells me, had been to see him, and found him as calm as had been reported by Wright. But the doctors had said he should be kept as quiet as possible.

Such was the esteem Carlyle felt for Spedding, that FitzGerald writes if he had been alive he would have been carried to the hospital to see him.

There is a charming letter from FitzGerald to Mrs. Kemble, recalling the days when he stayed with his friend Spedding in the Cumberland mountains:—

MY DEAR LADY,—I have let the full-moon pass because I thought you had written to me so lately, and so kindly, about our lost Spedding, that I would not call on you so soon again. Of him I will say nothing, except that his death has made me recall very many passages in his life in which I was partly concerned. In particular, staying at his Cumberland home along with Tennyson in the May of 1835. "*Voilà bien longtemps de ça!*" His father and mother were both alive; he, a wise man, who mounted his cob after breakfast, and was at his farm till dinner at two; then away again till tea, after which he

sat reading by a shaded lamp, saying very little, but always courteous, and quite content with any company his son might bring to the house, so long as they let him go his own way—which, indeed, he would have gone whether they let him or no. But he had seen enough of poets not to like them or their trade—Shelley for a long time living among the lakes; Coleridge, at Southey's, whom perhaps he had a respect for—Southey, I mean—and Wordsworth, whom I do not think he valued. He was rather jealous of "Jem"—who might have done any available service in the world, he thought—giving himself up to such dreamers, and sitting up with Tennyson conning over the "Morte d'Arthur," "Lord of Burleigh," and other things which helped to make up the two volumes of 1842. So I always associate that "Arthur" idyl with Basanthwaite Lake and Skiddaw. Mrs. Spedding was a sensible, motherly lady, with whom I used to play chess of a night. And there was an old friend of hers, Miss Bristowe, who always reminded me of Miss La Creevy, if you know of such a person, in "Nickleby."

Shelley, rampaging about the peaceful Lake land with pistols, must have horrified good Mr. Spedding, who was not at all satisfied with his son's devotion to Tennyson. "What is it," he said to FitzGerald, "Mr. Tennyson reads and Jem criticises—is that it?"

FitzGerald, like Alceste in "Le Misanthrope," preferred the French prose and poetry of the olden time to the new style developed in the age of Louis XIV. In an unpublished letter to Mrs. Kemble, he writes:—

The French writers and the French language could *touch the heart*, both in prose and verse, till *their* Augustan age of Louis XIV. tamed and formalized them, as *our* Queen Anne's did ours. I copy for you a stray wild-note from old Normandy—

Dieu garde de déshonneur
Celle que j'ai longtemps aimée!
Je l'aimois de tout mon cœur;
Ma jeunesse est passée.
Or vois-je bien que c'est folie
D'y mettre sa pensée,
Quand elle me dit en plorant:
"Nos amours sont finis,
Nos amours sont finis."

Do you remember the beautiful "mais l'on revient toujours" of our young days? I saw that M. Faure had been reviving the song in London; I always said Rubini should have done that. The words are only not as beautiful as the music.

An extract from a Suffolk paper has been sent us which gives a graphic account of FitzGerald "at home."

In the little retreat he had made for himself in the outskirts of the town they had battled with him over lines from works much of the

reading community had never looked into; they had revelled with him in passages from authors many a reader had never heard of. But some knew him in another light. To such he was something more than an equal—more than an equal, at any rate, if the measure were laid on these lines. None but those who knew him thus had felt to the full the infinite delicacy with which he would bridge over the chasm which divided their learning from his. Unfortunately, it too often pertains to the man who knows much to make his superiority especially conspicuous to those who know less. There was nothing of this at Little Grange. Whatever the company were, one ever felt he was treated as an equal. Without any apparent effort, the guest, however humble, was always made to feel at his ease. Correction to a misquotation was never made a point of notice; at most, it was met with the gentle, "Oh dear, I always thought it was so-and-so had written that," etc. A doubtful passage, the key to which seemed lost in the distance of time, would be incontrovertibly settled by a recollection of some fifty years' standing—but there was no triumph, no victory in the announcement. His readings from favorite poets were delightful. With what spellbound interest would one listen when he had a mind to give you something from his dearly-loved Tennyson, to make you see it in its best and brightest rendering! How charmingly he would interline it with some personal description, only to make more real the reality of the scene before you! How one basked in the genial modulation of a voice apparently toned to make the best of another's words!

The charm of FitzGerald's letters is that we see him as he lived, pining in murky London, for his anemones and the sighing of his Scotch firs; appreciating all the *minutiae* of country life, pitying the robin, poor little fellow, who had built his nest, having trusted to the false indications of spring. We see him, when his eyes had been nearly destroyed by paraffin lamps, listening to a boy reading "Guy Mannering" to him, whilst the nightingale was singing on the tree, just as in Shakespeare's time. Then the boy reads Tichborne, *every word*, FitzGerald's heart leaping at Sir John Coleridge's description of the "unfortunate nobleman" by a quotation from Tennyson:—

Read rascal in the motions of his back,
And scoundrel in the supple-sliding knee.

Then reading "Lothair," resembling a pleasant magic lantern—when finished, to be forgotten. After the reading, having "grub with the boy in the pantry," sending him to a representation of "Macbeth" by a strolling company, the boy bringing home a new reading of Shakespeare, "Hang out our *gallows* on the outward

walls," which will be perhaps adopted by some enterprising manager. Lastly, we see him at Lowestoft, delighting in the reading of Carlyle's "Kings of Norway," whilst the old sea — showing, like Carlyle, no signs of decrepitude — was rolling in from that north, and looking up from his book, seeing a Norwegian barque beating southward close to the shore, with nearly all sail set.

"It seems strange," FitzGerald wrote in May, 1883, to his niece, "to be so seemingly alert — certainly alive — amid such fatalities with younger and stronger people. But even while I say so, the hair may break and the suspended sword fall. If it would do so at once and effectually!" Sixteen days later FitzGerald died in his sleep.

There is a stanza which Gray threw out of his "Elegy" which FitzGerald thought so beautiful:—

There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets
found,
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

Let us hope that this description applies to the little churchyard at Boulge, where Edward FitzGerald lies, with an inscription on his tombstone, "It is He that has made us, and not we ourselves."

SPORT WITH WILD ELEPHANTS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Pioneer Mail* describes the capture last Christmastide of a large herd of wild elephants at Basan, in central India. It appears that for years a great district had been in sole possession of the wild elephants, who had frightened off all the inhabitants. The writer says that Maharajah Ragbonath Saran Singh Deo Bahadur, of Sirguja, had applied for permission to capture the elephants of Mahtin and Uprora under the government's rules, and the permission had been accorded. He had found two herds, in all about thirty-five wild elephants, at the Bahmani nuddi, about fifteen or twenty miles off. He ran up a light fence about six miles in circumference inclosing a valley and part of two hills below Setgarh. Round this he had posted at intervals eight or nine hundred men, mostly armed with matchlocks and provided with blank cartridges. Into this inclosure he had quietly driven all these elephants through

fifteen miles of glen; and there they were surrounded by watchfires and sentries constantly on duty. The wild elephants wandered about unmolested within the large inclosure, but were not allowed to pass the guards. The maharajah told us that one very large male elephant had been decoyed into the stockade, and was there tied up and ready to be taken out. We seated ourselves on the top of the stockade and saw the huge tusker. His fore-quarters were much heavier than in the tame elephant; and his figure was so massive that we did not think he was so tall as we afterwards found him to be — namely, nine feet ten inches. They tied five cables round his neck, fastening the other end of each cable round the body of one tame elephant. There were thus five elephants in front. Similarly they fastened each hind leg to two elephants. The hind legs were also tied together by a short rope. Having thus securely bound him, they prepared to lead this forest free-booter away. When he found that he was not to be allowed to choose his own course he began to show fight. He halted. The five elephants in front put forth all their strength, but could not move him. Suddenly he swung his great body round and dragged back all five, roaring as they came with rage and perhaps fear. Then they recovered, and the tug-of-war began again. A sharp discharge of blank cartridge behind him drove him on a little way. This scene was repeated several times. Occasionally the blank cartridge had to give way to a specially prepared cartridge with about a dozen snipe shot, which acted as an unaccustomed spur in his fat flanks and sent him gaily along for a time. At last he was tied up to trees near the maharajah's tents, about five hundred yards from the stockade. Next day, as there was nothing doing at the stockade, we determined to have a look at the elephants in their own jungle haunts. We went on along the elephants' tracks for a considerable distance. Suddenly we came to a glade, and as we looked across it we saw the tusks of a great monarch of the herd gleaming through the trees. We were on our elephant; and as we saw the direction the herd seemed to be taking we pushed across the glade to cut them off and get a nearer view. As we got to the centre of the glade, where stood a large solitary tree, we saw the monarch come out and have a look at us. We halted in the shadow of the tree. He came along towards us, followed by fifteen elephants of all sizes. As he got near us he turned

round and slowly crossed the glade to the other side, followed by the herd. Then, as they were about to disappear in the jungle, he suddenly changed his mind again. He turned, and slowly and solemnly marched past us with the herd. The herd thus passed twice across the open glade within about eighty yards of us; a splendid spectacle. We shall not readily forget that majestic procession witnessed among the wild scenery of the forest-clad hills. One day we saw a beat which, though unsuccessful, was very exciting. We could hear the elephants crashing slowly through the jungle. Then match-

locks were fired, shouting began, and ten or twelve wild elephants rushed into view with as many trained ones behind them. They came on at the pace of racing ponies. They dashed towards one wing then across to the other again and again. Two tame elephants near the stockade gate then ran in, but apparently the wild elephants had not seen them. They did not follow. The tame elephants came out again. The wild elephants apparently thought it was an attack in front. They faced about and made a dashing charge through their pursuers and rushed into the jungle.

ANECDOTES OF ROBERT BROWNING.—The London correspondent of the *Liverpool Courier* tells the following stories bearing upon the difficulties experienced in fathoming Mr. Browning's poetry: When Douglas Jerrold was ill some one sent him a copy of Browning's poems. He read one of them, but could not comprehend it. He asked his wife to read it. She did so and said it was incomprehensible. "Thank Heavens," said Jerrold, "I am not mad." A later and perfectly authentic story is to this effect: A great admirer of the poet called upon him to ask for the meaning of a particular passage. Browning read it and then remarked slowly, "I cannot tell you what my thoughts were at the time. The passage no doubt expresses my ideas at the time, but I have forgotten what they were."

There are Browning societies in the United States, and of one of them in the West a comical story of thoroughgoing devotion to principles is told by Mr. G. W. Curtis. This club held a reception, at which everything was to be brown. "A brown tablecloth was covered with brown china. There was brown bread and brown sugar. The hosts appeared in brown dresses, and brown curtains draped the windows. Brown was universal; and when one of the guests, looking round the room, at last exclaimed, 'Well, I declare, I really believe you are a Browning Club!' there was no member in brown hardy enough to deny it." It is admitted by Mr. Curtis that his countrymen have an opinion that much of the popularity of Mr. Browning is attributable to the obscurity of some of his verse, coupled with a feeling that the mystery, wherever it exists, "is but a cloud enveloping an Alp." At all events the readers of the poet are numerous in America.

The following story has come under the notice of the *Birmingham Post*: A poem of Mr. Browning's, "Prospice," was recently fixed upon in connection with an elocution competition at the Birmingham high school

for girls. One of the pupils, a daughter of Mr. W. T. Smedley, finding herself unable to fathom the meaning of some of the more difficult passages, hit upon the happy thought of seeking the assistance of Mr. Browning himself. Copying out the particular passages in the interpretation of which she needed aid, the young lady appended to them her own ideas of the meaning and sent the manuscript to the poet. To her delight the copy was promptly returned, carefully annotated in Mr. Browning's own writing, he having given opposite each passage a brief but lucid explanation of the thoughts it had been his intention to convey. At the bottom of all he had written the following pleasant little note: "There, my dear young lady, I have done the little that was necessary, and hope it may suffice. — Affectionately yours, ROBERT BROWNING." An additional interest attaches to this note from the fact that it must have been one of the last written by the veteran poet.

Mr. Browning [says "Atlas" in the *World*] used occasionally to refer to the only occasion on which he ever spoke to the queen. Some years ago the late Dean of Westminster and Lady Augusta Stanley invited him, among others, to tea at the Deanery to meet the queen, and a small and select party were present, Mr. Carlyle being one. The company, as was befitting in the presence of their sovereign, were respectfully silent, only joining in the conversation when addressed. The queen began to talk to Mr. Carlyle, and expressed her opinions on some matter from which he differed, and he, as usual, contradicted her and silenced her, retaining hold of the conversation till the queen rose to go. As the queen left the room she stopped at the door to speak to Mr. Browning and say goodbye, remarking, "What a very extraordinary man Mr. Carlyle is! Does he always talk like that? I never met him before!" and Mr. Browning was only able to assure her that it was his invariable custom.



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